

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

It is unfortunate for the people of Canada that they have so little understanding of the simple-minded and cheerful people of the Province of Quebec. The more one sees of them the more it seems that their theory of life is perhaps superior to that entertained by those who live more expensively and worry more extensively. With large families and small incomes they laugh and make merry, when men with small families and large incomes sit with troubled brows wondering what the morrow may bring forth. Their religious faith does not burden their thoughts, though forms may have been so impressed upon them that their consciences are not easy until they have gone through with the performances prescribed by the Church. Sublime in the egotism of their nationality, they have resisted every attempt to reorganize their race, unless the effort has been made by one of their own people and religion. The clergy have worked upon their nationalism and so united the heart-impulses of their race with the religion of their fathers, that it was supposed that the two were inseparable. Lately it has been demonstrated that their enthusiasm is racial rather than religious. In spite of all the denunciations of the most influential bishops and clergymen, they created a French-Canadian Premier and began—unintentionally no doubt—a campaign of emancipation from the rule of those who have considered themselves their masters and the arbiters of their fate.

Beginning with the interdiction of *L'Electeur*, Mr. Pacaud's newspaper, the clergy are exemplifying the papal programme. It is well known that some unwise counsel at Rome has prevailed, and that the bishops are to be permitted to use all the terrors of excommunication and interdiction to prevent any further growth of political or religious liberalism in the Province of Quebec. So unfortunate a thing has not taken place in Canada for many years. Anti-clerical as I am, I always fear that something I may say or repeat may be a stumbling-block in the path of a fellowman and result in turning him entirely from religion. Without a doubt others feel the same anxiety to resist without over-throwing, and yet the Quebec ecclesiastics do not leave any medium course. Those who resist are to be excommunicated and be treated as if they had entirely forsaken all belief in Christ, and the Gospels, and the law of God. That such an arrogant and improper attitude should be selected by those who should know so well that the world has taken on a different complexion since the inquisition, may be merely a proof that the madness of certainty must rely upon the credulity of blind acceptance.

Yet no one with a knowledge of the world would for a moment suspect that a volatile race of people, as the French-Canadians are known to be, would long permit themselves to be branded as slaves and terror-stricken communicants. Since the time when the people were taught by One whose most devoted followers have described Him as the Meek and Lowly, all the great movements of the world have been the outcome of following those who appealed to gentleness and chivalry. With the abandonment of castles and armor, with the invention of gunpowder and methods of war which make no appeal to strength and personal valor, the tendency to be with the oppressed and to fight against entrenched power has grown. With this in view, it is possible to think that French Canada is so benighted as to receive with anything but abhorrence and resistance, bulls of excommunication and the fierce denunciations of clerics who never fight save when entrenched behind the altar, an altar which is sacred, not because of the physical strength of the priest, but because of the pure devoutness of the people?

That much unhappiness will ensue is the most regrettable part of the campaign, which has apparently opened with such wavings of the bell, book and candle. The men may not shrink from the conflict, though they may tremble at the thought of being held up to the scorn of a God who, they fear, receives all His information from the bishops and may or may not fairly understand the facts. The women and the children will weep and tremble, they may entreat and may look with terror upon the husband and father who resists; but as time passes and blight does not fall upon their crops nor murrain upon their cattle, they will laugh and be gay again and have a contempt born of experience for the excommunications through which they have passed.

No one can give counsel and none can afford comfort except those who are in touch with the troubled people. What happens in the homes will be a heart-sorrow which will leave a scar, and that scar will be one which the Church can never either heal or conceal. Tithes and church

schools will pass away, and the movement against them will date from the hour when the Church, in abuse of its prerogative, attempts to coerce, not far-away Manitoba, but the Province of Quebec, the home of the devout, joyous and easily contented *habitant*. The history of the past is full of these stories, heart-rending and disquieting at the moment but afterwards full of the tried strength which makes a people and releases a nation from bondage.

Religion is so rare that one sees passing away these elements of devoutness with sincere regret. Memory not embittered by personal trials or family traditions must always be full of the beatitudes of the adherents of a church which occasionally in the present, as always in the past, has been full of blind obstructiveness and bitter retaliation. The story of the Roman Catholic Church is the history of the preservation of the Christian religion, the vague but authentic account of horrors which no soul can conceive, inflicted upon the innocent because they were held as heretics. Yet even a glance over the past fills one's heart with wonder at the sacrifices that the same intolerant spirit has caused to be undergone; the marvelous exploits of missionaries; the devotion of beautiful lives; the sacrifices of magnificent careers; the founding of orders which have known no cause but that of Christ and charity; the organizing and protection of almost innum-

and under the leadership of those who are raised up for the work, Quebec and its people will move out of the shadow of superstitious leadership and be a dominating force on this continent, instead of a drag upon the feet of Confederation.

A great many men in Toronto must experience feelings of amusement as they read the newspaper reports of the meetings held during the municipal campaign, and see the names of the men who make the speeches in favor of the opposing candidates for Mayor. Here and there one comes across the name of a man who is known as having a stake in the community or who is the admitted possessor of good sense, but for the most part the men who shout from the municipal platform are a queer lot. This town has in it hundreds of experienced and shrewd men who are merchants by occupation, but, instead of these, upon the platform we find the man who tried to run a candy counter in some hole in the wall, and failed even in so humble a commercial venture. He could guide the affairs of this city, however, with his little finger. We have very able lawyers in this town, men with powerful and tested intellects—not upon the municipal platform are these men to be found, for they are crowded off by law clerks who may never reach the bar, and by clientless barristers who spout to the electors to see how it feels to plead a

impudence—it is thus that we get our Mayors, or rather, that is how they get us.

That it will presently be different there is no reason to hope. The manufacturers, financiers, merchants, the men who by their capacity and force have made Toronto what she is, are drifting further and further away from touching distance of municipal affairs, and it seems more likely that the solid men in Council will be crowded out by inferior ones than that other solid men shall come to their rescue. That I am not taking a jaundiced view of the situation will be admitted by nearly everyone outside of the ring of third and fourth-rate persons who make themselves busy in civic matters and who constitute the real danger of the situation. Attend a nomination meeting at the City Hall and sit through the disgraceful proceedings; go to a campaign meeting and observe how cheap the whole thing is; stay at home with Bradstreet in one hand and a newspaper in the other, and value the men who cram Mayors down the city's throat year after year.

It would be a fine thing if everyone in Canada would make it a point to begin, with the New Year, to play the game of life a little bit more fairly. When we observe how the years slip past, a feeling of awe should come upon us. It seems no time since we were writing 1887 on our letters, and although twenty years is one-third

the privilege of toiling for a wage, and has not a month's food saved up to show for his labor. Then he "looks for work," this citizen of a country that has three square miles of land for every adult man within its boundaries; he haunts the shops and is rebuffed as a beggar, this healthy masculine animal who stands within easy reach of vast and unexplored regions of the very same country that his ancestors underwent untold hardships on sea and land to reach.

What is the fascination which draws and retains hungry and half-clothed men to our cities, and causes moths to flutter about and perish in the cruel flames of a candle? The multitude is playing into the hands of the few—crowding upon and attracting crowds to a spot that is already pre-empted, while half of a vast continent stretches out arms, beseeching the coming of people. A disinterested observer perched upon a cloud and watching us with a telescope, would certainly pronounce us insane. Any defence of our actions and the motives that move us, would only serve to prove us demented. A board of medical men from Mars (or it matters not where, so long as they had no earthly experience) would make no bones about ordering one-half the human race to be placed in strait-jackets, and the other half watched and humored in their hallucinations. That we maintain asylums for the insane would afford no end of amusement to these experts from Elsewhere. How could we begin to defend ourselves in the presence of such a board of examiners? For myself, scribbling year in and year out on sheets of white paper, in a room high up in a brick building, peering now and then through a window upon other brick buildings—what could I say to explain to those who do not understand the world, such a peculiar occupation? Could the experts from Elsewhere be made to believe that a sane man would fail to escape into the air and go free, the door not being bolted? And in the foundries and factories, where men covered with grime would pour out in scores and hundreds, lathered with perspiration, maimed from many accidents—what sort of a defence could they put up for occupying themselves in such a way on an earth that is a veritable garden watered by lakes and rivers teeming with fish? Such people, puttering about in the smoke, getting blown up in explosions, hands being sawed off, health breaking down—and all within a mile of the open country and no slave-drivers guarding the gates. "Insane—violently insane every one of them," would be the verdict.

Imagine Prof. Loudon and the University staff before such a commission from Elsewhere, trying to explain their occupation as serious and sensible; trying to explain what this thing they are engaged with, this thing called Knowledge, really is. How paltry would sound any excuses they might offer for substituting millions of books for the verbal traditions which might convey all that one generation need tell another. "Do you mean," one of the experts might ask, "that you train youths in an intimacy with the doings of lunatics, lest, if left alone, they should escape the general dementia? Do you encourage this slavery in stuffy offices when men might live in arbors on river banks?" Put to the task, how could the professors defend the difference between our life and that of the aboriginal race in America? And you, reader, how about yourself? What is your occupation and what your aims? Why all the hubbub and worry that mark your course? Where will your handiwork be in another hundred years, and when it is over, what will it matter whether you win or lose? Can you deny for a moment that you are insane—one of the worst cases in the whole mad-house of the world? You have seen a nest of ants, toiling in and out, rushing under and over another, busy beyond words—can you honestly say that men are less absurd, or that you are a whit more important in your devotion to business than the most pompous little ant in the dust heap? We seem to be all caught up in the swirl of life and cannot detach ourselves sufficiently to see how ludicrous we are in the feverish slavery with which we toil in transforming the raw material of Nothing into the fine finished product of Nothing.

In writing these things I am not trying to extol sloth, but believe that business life is getting keyed up to such a speed that the finer shades of human character are becoming blurred. A man should live a full, round life and turn his talents to account, but his daily occupation has no claim upon him beyond this. When his work becomes everything and his whole physical and mental being is drawn into it, is he not, with his divine origin and destiny, a thing to pity? Theologians should tell us whether the plea of insanity will hold good at the Judgment, for I think millions upon



WINTER SCENE IN THE NEW GUINEA MOUNTAINS.

Drawn by Hume Nisbet.

erable bands of good women whose lives have been given up to God—and yet overshadowing it all is this dreadful assumption of temporal power which has terrified kings, ruined dynasties, plunged the world in wars, and made a perfect hell on earth of peoples who otherwise would have been at peace.

Providence is said to move in most mysterious ways, and though it is not a part of the doctrine of those evolutionists who believe that man came from an inferior animal, it is an element in the doctrine a Christian preaches that man has come from an inferior type of himself and is every year progressing as the centuries roll along, and therefore we must find some means of relief from what was once a necessity, but which is now a tyrant.

As people become able to govern themselves politically, it would seem folly to deny them the right of some discretion religiously. The government of the world was once, both politically and religiously, under the hand of God Himself. We cannot deny that God raises up men in politics to control the destinies of the world, or else we would be unable to affirm that men rise under God's own guidance to broaden our ideas and our religion, and to lead us into a better life and a broader light in matters spiritual.

It is not the work of a bigot, but the well founded creed of the historian and the observer which announces and defends the course of those men and those peoples who insist that they shall not live in a cloud of bigotry and concealment. All have a right to move forward into the light, and with God's blessing

cause. We have many able financiers in town, but the bank manager, if he goes to a meeting, must stand within the doorway and hear his own porter explain just how to put the city on a sound financial basis. Men who could not, to save their lives, correctly figure out how much their own taxes would be on their own assessment at 16½ mills, gaily talk about sinking funds, debentures, and decide off-hand the most intricate problems in finance. Whatever has been done, they either praise or blame without stint or the faintest glimmer of an idea of what it all means—praise or blame, according to whether the man who asked them to speak favored or opposed the course taken in the matter.

Almost every year the platform speakers in our municipal campaigns grow more miscellaneous and rag-tag in character. Since E. A. Macdonald developed into an annual agitator; since the unemployed became an organized and professional class, and especially since a two-penny person like R. J. Fleming was preferred by the electors of this town to a financier like E. B. Osler, our municipal campaigns have gone from bad to worse, until now our mayoralty candidates find it almost impossible to get men whose names or faces are recognized by anyone, to appear upon a platform. The mayoralty candidates themselves show none of the dignity that should be found in men suited to the office of Chief Magistrate of so important a city as Toronto. A wild scramble of hand-shaking, hustling about seeing people, promising the earth to anyone who wants it, placating heelers at all hours of the night, pulling, hauling, and capturing the office by force of energy and

of a life-time, it does not seem long since we were writing 77 on our letters. We are within three steps of another century, and I think most men have at times wondered if they would live to see the dawn of the twentieth century. A few years ago it seemed a long way off, and even now the three intervening years impress us as more important in their length and in their contents than a dozen of those years that trail behind us. The man or woman who does not sometimes, at the beginning of a new year, pause to reflect upon the great show in which we are all, more or less, puppets, is blessed with a kind of mind that never makes itself troublesome. Here we are, about five millions of fairly healthy human animals in Canada, with about 3,500,000 square miles of land and inland water at our disposal to live upon and to roam over. We could scatter our dwellings and every family would have about three square miles of land to draw upon for sustenance, yet instead of that we bunch together in cities where buildings, grow higher and higher, where the luxuries of the rich incite the envy of the poor, where starvation pinches the multitude, and new and peculiar diseases are provoked by unnatural conditions of life. The fine healthy masculine animal, instead of standing supreme upon a kingdom of his own, three square miles in extent, arises these winter mornings long before daylight and speeds on an electric car to a shop, where for ten hours (until night has again settled down) he toils and sweats for a wage. From year to year he goes on in this way, and if after ten years of it a few millionaires meet somewhere and decide to buy up and suppress that shop to stop over-production, the man is denied

millions will enter that plea and make it look plausible by pointing to the record of their lives.

He Has Apologized.

As we stated in our last issue, SATURDAY NIGHT was determined not to lightly pass over the imposture practiced upon it by the person who sent in a false and most annoying item of news from Guelph. We placed the case in the hands of Detective Hodgins of this city, who went to Guelph and speedily traced the letter to its origin. The evidence, when all complete, was laid before the parties in Guelph who had been chiefly injured, whereupon they requested that SATURDAY NIGHT should not take legal proceedings against the accused person if he would apologize to all concerned. Detective Hodgins then hunted up the accused person, who admitted writing the letter under the impression that he was playing a joke. The following apology was written and signed, copies of it supplied to the aggrieved parties in Guelph and the original delivered to us by Detective Hodgins. In not disclosing the identity of the culprit we are conforming with the desires of those whose names were used in the fraudulent item of news:

GUELPH, December 28, 1896.
E. E. SHEPPARD,
Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT,
Toronto.
With regard to the item of news purporting to come from Guelph, and published in the SATURDAY NIGHT of the 18th inst., I desire, as the writer of that item, to offer my apologies to your readers, the parties whose names I most unwarrantably dragged into the item, and to yourself for having written it. It was done thoughtlessly and in an idle moment, and without the least malice towards anyone. It was intended for a joke, and there was no other thought in writing it. I hope you will see fit to accept this apology, which is all the reparation I can make to the injured ones. The lesson I have learned in this matter will not soon be forgotten. I have apologized to the gentleman and lady most concerned, personally, and would like to apologize to all the persons whose names were mentioned in the article. Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,

In closing up this most unhappy chapter, we desire to remind people that the sending of false news to a newspaper is severely punishable under the law, and some day somebody will get burned playing with fire.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick received a cable from England on Wednesday which has obliged her to leave this week to join His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, who is to undergo an operation. The reception, at which many people were present, was saddened by the anxiety of all for His Honor, and everyone sent hearty wishes that he may soon be back amongst us, quite restored to health. No more receptions will, of course, be held this season.

A representative audience greeted Madame Albani at the Grand on Monday evening. The boxes were all occupied, Mrs. Kirkpatrick being with Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. Guy and Master Eric in the east stage box. The Manning box had Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Captain Macdougall and Miss Buchanan. Mrs. Goldwin Smith had a party in what is usually known as the Government House box, and Mrs. Schomberger and party were in the prompt box, where the diamonds worn by this charming lady attracted a good many glances. The stalls were full, and the audience critical; however, *ce n'est pas moi*, I am happy to think, to criticize, only to listen and enjoy. I noticed the music-loving party from The Hall rather far back in the stalls, and in their neighborhood many a smart frock and pair of shoulders. A good deal of amusement (it was quite too comical to annoy) was caused in the parquette by one enthusiastic man, who evidently knew the score of Faust and who insisted upon groaning the various solos in an undertone. I also was a delighted eavesdropper to a synopsis of the story of Faust, and I only wish Goethe had heard it too! Startling is no name for it, but the girl to whom it was revealed by a very civilized looking man did not seem to be discomposed, and probably was not listening with the astonishment which I felt, or indeed not listening at all, for she was *jeune fille*, and would never have swallowed it with such ineffable composure.

If the New Year's thaw does not continue, the visit of the New York hockey men will be the social sporting event of the New Year. The St. Nicholas Skating Club in New York is the resort of the four hundred of the metropolis and has a large expanse of artificial ice. Its comfortable tea-rooms, overlooking the rink, are much frequented in the autumn and winter by society people. I have often thought that the Toronto rinks might obtain some ideas from the new St. Nicholas Rink, where the comfort of the spectators is so well provided for. Among the members of the team are: Mr. R. D. Wrenn, who is probably the most popular and skillful athlete in America; Mr. W. A. Larned, Mr. Malcolm Chase and Mr. H. W. Slocum, who have been famed on the tennis courts and other fields of sport; Mr. J. W. Callender, Mr. Erskine Hewitt and Mr. Thomas Barron. They are all Yale, Harvard or Princeton men, and Mr. Charles M. Pope, son of the ex-consul at Toronto, also a Yalensian, will also accompany the team as cicerone. The matches are to be played at the Victoria Rink on New Year's evening and Saturday afternoon. I hear of several little hospitalities which have been organized for the visitors.

The closing exercises of the Bishop Strachan School took place on Monday morning, December 21. All the pupils of the school, including some "old girls," were present, anxiety and excitement depicted on many of the young faces. The class lists were read by Miss Grier, the lady principal, and on the whole the results were most satisfactory. Many of the papers had been set and marked by outside examiners, who did not err on the side of leniency, and on these papers the marks were most favorable. The highest places in the different classes were taken as follows: Primary class—1st, Phyllis Lawlor. Third class (lower intermediate)—1st, Ruth Abbott. Fourth class (upper intermediate)—1st, Isobel Brown. Fifth class (lower senior)—1st, Hazel Goad; 2nd, Gertrude Morley; 3rd, Maud Parkin. Sixth class (university)—1st, Isabel Biggar; 2nd, Ethel Saunders; 3rd, Dorothy Waugh. First in Latin, Isabel Biggar; in French and German, Maud Parkin.

At the close of the reading the lady principal said a few words to her girls, wishing them a happy Christmas; and as she left the platform their spirits found a vent in "Three cheers for Miss Grier," which, if not quite so lusty as the cheering of their brothers and cousins at Trinity College School, Port Hope, were fully as hearty in intention. The happy faces of the crowd of school-girls testified plainly enough to their enthusiasm for their school and their teachers, as well as to the near prospect of home; and among them all none seemed more interested in the proceedings than the tiny juniors, who were seen at one time taking most careful notes of the marks. The school will re-open on Thursday, January 14; boarders to arrive on the 13th, to which date, by the courtesy of the railway officials, their return tickets have been extended. All information as to course of studies, etc., may be obtained from the Lady Principal.

Miss Bessie Hees has sent out cards for a young people's dance on Monday evening, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Reed of Detroit, who is in Toronto on a visit to her family for the holidays.

Mr. Churchill Cockburn leaves shortly on a business trip to Virginia.

Miss Levy, the charmingly pretty young Jewess from London who has been on a prolonged visit to her sister, Mrs. Alfred Benjamin, sails for home next week. It is an open secret that for the next few months Miss Levy will be busy over the fascinating work of selecting a tressou, and that some day we shall welcome her back as the bride of that smart officer of the Q. O. R., Mr. Frank Benjamin.

The Boxing-night dinner and general jollification held at the Hunt Club house last Saturday evening was most successful, and the men enjoyed themselves excellently well. The Delasco combination, as I heard Monsieur Mercier, Mr. Wark and the big bass called by one of their admirers, with the ever-funny Lincoln Carlisle, Bert Barker and Dr. Stocks Hammond, shared the honors with Mr. Lempiere Pringle, Mr. Alfred Beardmore and others who contributed to the fun of the after-dinner concert. The hosts, or rather managers, of this Boxing-night celebration have earned the thanks of the company for their foresight and ingenuity in arranging various little departures and improvements conducive to increased comfort.

The Mandarin has delighted everybody! Such fresh and pretty frocks, such well formed, graceful and undeniably handsome girls, such agile dancers and such a quaint and dainty stage-setting have rarely been seen in Toronto. Indeed, I had also said that the Mandarin captures the confectionery in the latter respect. The airy architecture of the picturesque Willow-pattern Land, and the wonderful chrysanthemum show in the Mandarin's palace garden may make even Dunlop envious. It is also something worth while to gaze upon the merry, modest, mischievous girl who is pronounced by New York photographers to be their most beautiful subject. Helen Redmond is really a most lovely woman, but there are lots of them in the Mandarin's matrimonial *pot-pourri*. I was charmed with the general refinement and elegance of even the gestures of the pretty creatures, so sadly lacking in many of the caricatures of grace and beauty who visit us during our opera season. Mr. DeKoven was announced to conduct on the *jour d'an*, and I am sure has no cause to complain of lack of appreciation. I overheard a couple of veteran theater-goers airing their opinion in the car speeding homeward, and their approval was decided and unstinted.

I owe an apology to the Dental College students for not keeping my promise to give a full account of their very charming housewarming last week. Perhaps had not several of them written to upbraid me for the oversight, I should, in the rush of Christmas, have been blissfully oblivious of what was an unintentional omission. I have heard from many quarters of the kindness of the hosts, the success of the function and the smartness of the company. Even from far Philadelphia, where Monsieur Van Biene is playing this week, I have assurance that to him and his clever support their hurried scamper to the Dental College At Home after the play was a bit of fun very grateful and remembered with pleasure. The fine new building in College street, to open which the At Home was given, is so perfectly arranged that it is the pride of the whole fraternity. Nothing has made greater strides than the *modus operandi* of the brothers of the little mallet, the drill and the forceps. Being one of the blessed who have never had even a toothache, I cannot so well appreciate this advance as can many of my friends whom I occasionally meet wearing a look of doleful martyrdom and a swelled jaw. I trust that the only occasion when I shall be called upon to meet the genial fellows who were hosts on Friday week, may be on the recurrence, annually, of the pleasant festivity which everyone enjoyed so much, or on kindred jubiliations in perhaps less attractive quarters. The music and supper on the great evening were beyond criticism, and the committee left nothing undone for the pleasure and comfort of the guests.

Much disappointment was the lot of those who watched the doors so constantly about eleven o'clock at the Grenadiers' dance. Neither Madame Albani nor Miss Robinson put in an appearance, though Miss Langley, who is Mrs. Somebody or other, the violinist, and her husband came over about half-past ten o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson also came with Mrs. Schomberger and Dr. Harris, but the Leo-Hunters felt it a reversal of Daniel in the den—they did not feast their eyes upon the Lions.

Mr. R. W. Teskey of the Bradstreet Company, Boston, Mass., and Mrs. Teskey, formerly of Toronto, are spending the holiday weeks with their relatives here.

The Apple Blossom Club held a very successful sale of fancy work and five o'clock tea on Friday, December 11, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. Purse, Orde street, in aid of sweet charity. Misses Mabel Dick, Florence McConnell and Gertrude Purse disposed of the fancy work. The paper booth, in pink and white, with many pretty novelties, was attended by

Misses Lillian MacPherson and Lulu Abbott. The Friday bargain day table was under the supervision of Mollie McVetty and Beatrice Frankland. Edna Fortier, Florence Boyden and Lillian Purse made charming little sales-ladies at the dollies' table, while Jessie Mills had entire charge of the candy booth. Masters Malcolm MacPherson, Ellen Withers and Ally Purse acted as cash boys, and Harry Purse made a very efficient doorkeeper. The entire affair was most enjoyable and creditable to all the little people concerned. The result of their efforts was the presentation of \$30 to the Shelter Home and \$35 to the Sick Children's Hospital. May others emulate their example.

Last Tuesday evening, which had been long reserved by a smart circle for Mrs. Cassels' dance in St. George's Hall, was set free by the sad cause of the death of Mr. Richard Cassels, and a good many of the people who expected to be dancing were in attendance at the Princess Theater instead. The Mandarin has been much enjoyed this week. On Monday one of the box parties was from Glenadyth, including Mr. and Miss Nordheimer and Miss Heinrich.

On Tuesday evening, which was an "off" night with *la diva*, Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith entertained Madame Albani at dinner.

Miss Violet Gooderham gave a young people's dance at Waveney on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. and Miss Florrie Spragge have come to spend the winter in Toronto.

Mr. Charles H. Anderson has returned to Toronto after spending Christmas with his father, Rev. Canon Anderson of Christ's Church cathedral, Montreal.

On Tuesday morning the bell of our Lady of Lourdes tolled sadly for the funeral services of one of Toronto's bright boys, Mr. Joe Hughes, who was asphyxiated by gas in Brooklyn last week. Everywhere did Joe's many warm friends regretfully murmur, "Too bad," as they recalled his quick, bright manner, his quaint humor, and his many lovable and sterling qualities. SATURDAY NIGHT offers truest sympathy to his bereaved parents and relatives.

Imaginary accounts of festivities which are not imaginary are sometimes the cause of a considerable rumpus in home circles. It isn't always safe for the enterprising chronicler to enumerate the guests at a dance from the force of second sight—one sees double at times! People are surprised to be told in cold printer's ink of frisks they never accomplished, and gowns they never donned, but the fibber doubtless consoles himself or herself by reflecting that everything goes as long as the ghost walks regularly.

Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston will receive in her pretty new home, 14 Spadina road, on the second and third Fridays in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. F. Rodger have taken up house at 291 Huron street, where Mrs. Rodger will be at home on Wednesday and Thursday of the first week in January.

It is a coincidence that the only two society affairs already arranged for St. George's Hall should have been set aside by death, the sad demise of Mrs. Willie Baines' mother a couple of months ago, and the lamented death of Mr. Cassels this week.

Miss Dollie Dench returned home to Windsor on Thursday, leaving hosts of Toronto friends to miss her lovely, sunny face.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones have gone to their new residence in St. George street, but will receive no visitors for at least a month, until all the arrangements necessary to the setting in order of such an extensive *menage* are perfected.

Many Toronto people will recall the exquisite cello playing of Monsieur Charles Le Simple at one of Mrs. Kirkpatrick's Wednesdays about a year ago, and will be pleased to note in the Christmas musical catalogues no less than fifteen songs and cello solos composed and arranged by this clever and artistic young musician. Monsieur Le Simple played a short time ago at a state concert at Coblenz, and London papers joined with German critics in praise of his talent.

The Athletic Club ball, which is fixed for next Friday evening, has a splendid list of patronesses, among whom are the following ladies: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. John Massey, Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. C. H. Nelson, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. H. M. Pellatt, Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. T. W. Howard.

Miss Cecil Day of Jarvis street entertained on Monday evening in honor of her friend, Miss Burns of Hamilton Ladies' College.

One of the lovely Christmas dinners which brightened the holiday was given at Maplethorpe, when Major and Mrs. Cosby entertained a score or more of guests. The pipes sounded valiantly and the piper marched around the table during the progress of the dinner, which was served in the usual elegant style prevailing in this hospitable mansion.

Mr. C. A. Godson of Victoria, B.C., is home visiting his mother, Mrs. Thomas Godson of College street.

Mrs. J. Harold Kennedy is spending the winter in Toronto. She is the guest of Mrs. Alexander Jaffray of Parkdale.

Ravenswood was children's Paradise on Christmas day, when wee Baby Greene and the little ones from Lowther avenue, with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Austin, had high jinks under the direction of their charming aunts, Ada and Elma, and their loving friends.

On Christmas night Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Howard gave a lovely Christmas tree entertainment to their family circle, at which many beautiful gifts were bestowed. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Howard and their children, Mrs. Howard, sr., Mrs. Sharpe, Mr. F. Howard, and Mrs. O. B. Sheppard and her clever little

daughter, Olive, were of the merry gathering. During the evening little Olive played several selections on her banjo, in which she is quite proficient.

Mrs. J. W. F. Ross gives an afternoon tea on Wednesday next, the same day as that selected by Mrs. Frank Macdonald.

Miss Louise Brent, formerly lady superintendent of Grace Hospital, has been appointed to a like position in the Sick Children's Hospital.

The ice held out for the Monday skate of the Knickerbocker Skating Club, and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed. The thaw, which arrived later, spoiled the ice for New Year's Eve, however.

Mrs. Sweny gave a charming holiday dance at Rohallion on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Campbell Macdonald, who has been to the South on a business trip, surprised and delighted his relatives by returning home for New Year's. He was not expected for some time, but got through his affairs more quickly than was anticipated.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Tinning left Saturday for Port Hope and Montreal.

Miss Amy Jenkins has obtained the Helmer scholarship in piano, awarded by the Metropolitan College of Music.

The *Morning Post* of December 18 records the presentation of the sword of honor for the year, at Sandhurst Royal Military College, to Under-officer Basil Burnett-Hitchcock, a nephew of Justice and Mrs. Ferguson of East-lawn, who are doubtless much pleased at the fine record made at Sandhurst by their young relative. Mr. Burnett-Hitchcock has this year bested his successful rival of last year, Lord Roxburgh, who this year takes second place.

Several teas were given for Mr. and Mrs. Bourchier (Bowcher, if you please) by some of our smartest people. Mrs. Bourchier rather overdid her strength with all this gadding, in addition to her *exigant role*, and looked quite fagged on Saturday. Indeed, I hear she fainted during the *entr'acte*, and I am not surprised.

Mrs. Lothar Reinhardt and her daughter, of 487 Jarvis street, are spending the holiday season with friends in New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Archibald MacArthur have returned from their wedding tour and are to receive next Monday from four to ten o'clock at their residence, 58 Astor street, Chicago. The Doctor married a Chicago girl, and has set up his lares and Penates and hung out his shingle in the Windy City. His Toronto friends wish him success.

Wednesday the 30th was the scene of a happy event at the residence of Mrs. Gillespie, Queen-street, St. Catharines, the occasion being the marriage of her daughter, Jeanette, to Mr. J. W. Gerrie, druggist, of Hamilton. The bride was attended by Miss Laura Wilkinson, Toronto, as maid of honor, the bridesmaids being her little nieces, Mabel and Ruth Fitzsimons. The groom was assisted by Mr. T. H. Litster of Toronto. The bride looked very charming in a dainty gown of white silk and chiffon. Rev. I. Tovell, D.D., of Hamilton, assisted by Rev. F. A. Cassidy, M.A., of St. Catharines, performed the ceremony. The bride was given away by her uncle, Rev. R. C. Brownlee of Niagara Falls, N.Y. Many handsome presents were received by the happy couple, who left for a trip through the Eastern States amid showers of rice and best wishes of many friends.

On Thursday a quiet wedding took place at the Centenary church, Hamilton. By Rev. J. V. Smith, D.D., Dr. Alex. A. Dame was married to Mrs. Lillian E. Young, both of Toronto. The bride's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hudson of Hamilton. The honeymoon will be spent in New York.

At noon on Wednesday, December 30, Mrs. Katharine Orr of Toronto was married to Mr. George W. Boyden of Cleveland, Ohio, Rev. Septimus Jones of the Church of the Redeemer officiating. The wedding took place at the residence of the bride, 143 Bloor street west, and was attended only by the relatives and a few intimate friends of the contracting parties. The bride looked charming in a dress of heliotrope silk, with corsage of violets and diamond ornaments, the gift of the groom. She carried a bouquet of hyacinths. After *dejeuner* and ample expression of best wishes for the happiness of the newly married pair, Mr. and Mrs. Boyden took train for Cleveland, where they intend to reside. Before settling down, however, Mrs. Boyden will return for a short visit to Toronto, when her friends will have an opportunity to tender congratulations.

Miss Olive Jessie Brown, second daughter of Mr. George Brown of Parkdale, and granddaughter of Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., was married in Butte, Montana, on December 16, to Mr. John K. Macdonald, barrister, of that place. The happy couple have been visiting western cities on their wedding trip and return to Butte to reside. The bride's many friends in Toronto wish them every happiness.

Mrs. Kerr Osborne intends leaving shortly for Texas, with her little daughter, for whose benefit the journey is being taken.

The 13th Battalion of Hamilton gave their ball on Wednesday evening. A number of Toronto people attended this event.

Paris Kid Glove Store

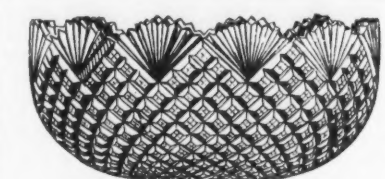
Special--Novelties for Christmas

2-Clasp Derby Kid Gloves, with heavy, stitchings, \$1.35 and \$1.50.
4-Bt. Dressed Kid Gloves, with fancy stitchings, in all colors, \$1.25 and \$1.50.
4-Bt. Dressed Kid Gloves, \$1.00.
4-Bt. Undressed Kid Gloves, with fancy stitchings and large pearl buttons, \$1.25 and \$1.50 per pair.
4-Bt. Undressed Kid Gloves, 75c. and \$1.
6-Bt. length Undressed Kid Gloves, \$1.00 and \$1.25.
A Souvenir Glove Buttoner and Fancy Envelope given with every pair of gloves purchased.
Ostrich Feather and Gauze Fans.

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is passing through the hour-glass of the old year and welcoming on the new, which is laden with bright expectations and inviting New Year's giving.

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Social and Personal.

The suitability and comfort of the Confederation Life ball-room were never better accentuated than on Monday evening, when the first of the series of three assemblies set on foot by the Royal Grenadiers was in progress. It was what is called a pretty dance. The gowns were becoming and stylish rather than elaborately handsome, for the usual array of people of middle age was missing. The few chaperones were handsomely gowned and seemed to much enjoy the affair. Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Smart of Lindenwood, Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Chris. Baines, Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Ryerson and Mrs. Cattanauch were of this number. Mrs. Cawthra wore a lovely French flowered brocade satin of many delicate tints. Mrs. Cattanauch was handsomely dressed in pale pink brocade satin and lace. Mrs. Melvin-Jones wore a smart white and black brocade and velvet gown. Mrs. Smart wore pale green satin, embroidered in silver. Mrs. Chris. Baines, a black gown with falls of white lace as shoulder caps. Mrs. Law wore a black gown, with white sleeves. Mrs. Mason, who often chooses a blue gown, was in her favorite color, combined with white. A very smart woman was Mrs. Schomberger (nee Beatty of Cobourg), who was a noticeable member of the Albani audience in the prompt box, and who came around to the dance at "Cinderella hour" with Dr. Harris, and was welcomed by many old friends. Miss Langton, the charming violinist, also looked in at the dance, but Madame Albani and Miss Robinson failed to materialize, much to the disappointment of their expectant hosts. There was no formal reception committee, but everyone had a kindly welcome from the colonel, the major, and captains galore. A few of the more noticeable gowns were of rich white brocade or satin, and some of the tiny French brocades in colors were exceedingly pretty on this season's debutantes. Particularly chic and becoming was Miss Helen Macdonald's frock in this fashion with pink on the corsage; another debutante who was charmingly pretty was Miss May Jarvis, in a simple frock of white muslin with a fine diamond star in her brown hair. Among the young matrons, who sometimes completely overshadow the rest of the fair sex at a Toronto function, Mrs. Osborne in white brocade and knots of rose velvet and white lace *a la corsage*; Mrs. James Crowther, in a smart black frock with silver embroidery; Mrs. Alfred Cameron, in white satin; Mrs. Duggan, in yellow silk and white lace; Mrs. Reed of Detroit, in white silk; Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, in white silk; Mrs. Bruce, in black silk and lace with a scrap of pink here and there, and the complexion of a girl of sixteen; Mrs. Harry Paterson, in pale blue *faillie*; Mrs. Albert Gooderham, in a lovely changeable silk frock; Mrs. Bolte, in white with erule lace; Mrs. Lally McCarthy, in a frock that was a dream of daintiness; Mrs. Forester, in lavender brocade; Mrs. Charles Read, in white silk and lace; Mrs. Willie Brouse, in black velvet; Mrs. Harry Pellatt, in rose pink; Mrs. Pyne, in shell pink; Mrs. O'Reilly in black, with jet and lace; Mrs. Jack Murray, in very pale green, were a charming bevy of young women. Miss Perkins wore a handsome *empeigne* velvet gown and some fine pearls; Miss Gussie Hodgins was in pink silk; Miss Drayton also wore pink; Miss Bessie Hees, she of the bewitching brown eyes, wore pink organdie over silk; Miss Thompson of Derwent Lodge wore white silk with insertion of valenciennes; Miss May Walker wore a pretty white frock with pink sash; Miss Kathleen Sullivan wore white, and Miss Sullivan a pretty princess frock of flowered *faillie*; Miss Read of Rosedale wore white silk with violets; Miss Grace Cowan was in pale green silk; Miss Lily Phillips wore a very smart and trim gown of white satin, with frilled sleeves, *en volant*; Miss Smart wore rich, lustrous satin in old rose, and is distinctly charming in her gentle and quiet manner; Miss Helen Armstrong wore white; Miss Law wore pale blue; Miss Bruce looked very well in pale blue and black; Miss O'Reilly wore robin-egg blue; Miss Dollie Dench, a rich wine-colored gown of fancy brocade, and some beautiful roses; Miss Melvin-Jones wore deep pink brocade, with pearl passementerie; Miss Aileen Gooderham was lovely in white; Miss Cattanauch wore cream silk; Miss Strickland was in yellow, and her sister in black with pink roses; Miss Evelyn Cox wore a rich gown of white satin; Miss Flossie Kemp was very pretty in yellow silk; Miss Ellie Phillips was also in white; Miss Temple wore a smart pink silk frock; Miss Coldham wore purple gauze over silk; Miss Bessie Rowand wore a black velvet with white silk; Miss Stewart of Beverley street was very pretty in a debutante's white frock, and Miss Brouse in a striped silk. *Figurez-vous* these varied shades and a hundred more floating like a kaleidoscope, and dimmed moreover by the scarlet of the smart Grenadier mess jackets, and toned down by the sombre garb of the ordinary man who has "no regiment," and you will allow that the Grenadier assembly was within its rights in claiming to be called a pretty dance. There were any number of men, *bien entendu*, cadets, colonels, majors, captains, students, would-be aldermen and will-be mayor, let us hope! Captain Gooderham had a very responsible and dignified air, as becomes a secretary of affairs like this. Captain Stimson danced like a male Taglione, light-heeled and the jolliest partner in the room. The quiet uniform of the Queen's Own was worn by several of the majors who adorn that fine regiment, Captain Arthur Kirkpatrick and several lesser lights as well. The Kitties sent their handsome contingent. It is a sight for sair een to see the Major's dark-eyed son dancing his fourth encore, and Bonnie Thrift Burns sailing past to the music of Sousa's latest. Some pouts were on some faces because of the small representation from Stanley Barracks, only Captain and Mrs. Forester being present, and they were late, having heard Albani first. Major Waterbury, who is *facile princeps* as *cavalier des dames*, was one of the Grenadiers' guests. The corridors and sitting-out bonidior were not very largely patronized, being practically monopolized by a few kindred spirits who preferred the solitude of two to the glitter of the ball-room. Supper was served at eleven o'clock, and Williams received many commendations on his excellent catering. The service was



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NATURAL APERIENT WATER

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It is the remedy valued by sedentary workers whose functions it regulates.

Most valuable to prevent hemorrhoids.

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 Pints.....26.00 per case

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This disfiguring blemish, *Superfuous Hair*, I will have removed permanently by Electrolysis. The Misses Mootie and High are the fastest operators in Canada, and guarantee satisfaction.

I will send for their pamphlet—
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exceptionally smart, a perfect corps of waiters being here, there and everywhere, though the space devoted to a supper-room is rather inconvenient for comfortable seat-

ing in the Confederation Life. By the way, I have been long thinking over one grievance in regard to the arrangements made for the ladies' dressing-rooms at balls in Toronto. The Pavilion is notorious in that respect, either roasting hot or freezing cold. I'm sure at the *Poudre* we nearly blew away through the chinks. Not one decent-sized mirror before which one can prink, in some places scarcely any light, and in very few even a decent array of pins. I am sure if the Grenadiers' committee would make a break in the direction of a nice dressing-room for their next assembly, with a great big mirror and a light that would tell one whether one's nose were on straight, the gratitude of the ladies would amaze them. I am told that our poor better-halves have not even a pretense of a dressing-room at the Pavilion, but roost somehow or other about the upper gallery. Can this be true? But grievances apart, everyone had a remarkably fine time on Monday evening, and the first Assembly of the R. G. was such a success that the succeeding ones will be anxiously looked for.

Among all the pretty Christmasgreenery of St. Paul's church, Bloor street, was celebrated the marriage of Dr. Boulton and Miss Edith Hannaford on Monday morning at a quarter to eight o'clock. This very early hour for a mid-winter wedding kept many a warm friend from witnessing the ceremony, though no doubt many a blessing and loving thought was in many a kindly heart while the owner's head cuddled down in a snug pillow. We are fond of our cosy couches in winter, but some of us thought it small boon to friendship to turn out on Monday before the sun was up, and in the pretty, quaint, gaslit church see one of Toronto's most estimable young women take upon herself the vows of wifehood. The organist played the Wedding March as the bride entered on the arm of her uncle, Mr. E. P. Hannaford, who also gave her away. Miss Mary Hannaford was bridesmaid, and Mr. William Mulock Boulton, brother of the groom, was best man. The *trocks* were quiet and ladylike, the bride's being trimmed with a bit of rich cream lace, and both bouquets being fashionably large and fragrant. The choir seats were occupied by members of the families of bride and groom, Mesdames Hannaford and Boulton, mothers respectively of the young people, being given seats nearest the chancel. Mrs. E. P. Hannaford and Mr. and Mrs. Honan Lount were also of the party. After the ceremony Dr. and Mrs. Boulton received congratulations and left on the nine o'clock train for a short honeymoon. After their return Dr. Boulton is, I hear, to take up a very lucrative appointment as house physician to the new Sanitarium in Sherbourne street, and Mrs. Boulton has promised to continue her classes in china painting at 97 Bloor street west, much to the gratification of many enthusiastic pupils. Dr. and Mrs. Boulton will reside in Sherbourne street.

The marriage of Miss Emma O'Flynn of Madoc, only daughter of Mr. E. D. O'Flynn, to Mr. John Angus McKay, M.A., LL.B., an old Toronto boy and now a rising barrister of Saginaw, Michigan, took place on Friday, December 18, at 9 p.m., at the residence of the bride's father, Hillcrest, Madoc. Rev. George Brown and Rev. J. P. Wilson of Oshawa officiated. The bridesmaids were Miss Beatrice Cross, B.A., and Miss Blanche O'Flynn, cousin of the bride. Mr. Isaac R. Carling of Exeter was best man. About sixty guests were present, and after the wedding supper the bride and groom left by the midnight train for Montreal and eastern points. Mrs. McKay received at Hillcrest between Christmas and New Year, after which she went to her future home in Saginaw. The popularity of the bride was evinced by the many handsome presents made her on her marriage. Regret is expressed on all sides that the town of Madoc should lose one of its most popular young ladies. Miss O'Flynn was very popular in Toronto also, and her friends here, whom she often favored with her charming visits, will regret she has settled so far away. Several Toronto people sent her very handsome gifts, and a small and very jolly party attended her wedding festivities.



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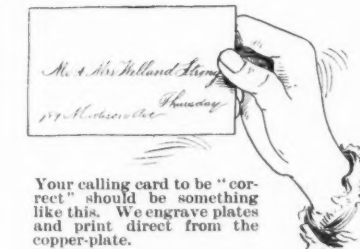
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should be in the hands of all ladies who entertain. It is the result of long experience in catering for fashionable society, containing a list of the choicest inventions of high-class cookery and the latest European novelties. It will be mailed free to those who mention THE SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Fresh Lobsters, fresh Salmon, fresh Halibut, fresh Cod, fresh Haddock, fresh Smelts, White Fish, Salmon Trout, Boneless Haddie, Ciscos, Bulk Oysters, etc.

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A figure "intrinsically fair" is ensured by the wearer of



THE FRENCH MODEL

A very light and long-waisted corset, short on the hip and at the front, which greatly commends it to many ladies.

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 127 AND 129 YONGE STREET
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Headquarters for Real Hair Goods and Switches

We offer special reduced prices of our entire 1896 stock of Hair Goods and Ornaments. In order to make room for our new spring and summer styles of Fronts, Fringes, Bangs, Waves, Wigs, Toupees, Bandeaux, Switches, etc., and an immense stock of fine cut hair, ordered in France and England, and which will shortly arrive in Toronto. We rarely offer such opportunities, or advertise continually at reduced prices, but when we do we mean it. We want to sell in a short time without reserve. Ladies in want of any kind of hair goods should not lose such an opportunity. We have lovely Fronts, natural curls, this season's style at half the price. Ladies' Waves, Bandeaux and Chignons, elderly ladies' Head Coverings, Partings, Wigs and Toupees for gentlemen. Our Switches are not to be surpassed in quality and low prices. These prices only apply to ready-made goods, not goods made to order. We have left a small stock of this season's Hair Ornaments. Handsome real shell, real amber and real Jet, etc. Now is the time, and don't be shy. These goods will soon be sold, and our new styles and stock will soon be here.

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At DOREN WEND'S

Now that Christmas and New Year's is over we can pride ourselves on knowing that we sold more Hair Goods and Fancy Goods during this holiday sale than any year since we have been established. In order to give all a chance who were unable to procure for themselves the lines we keep during Christmas and New Year's weeks, we shall continue to sell Hair Goods, such as

Switches, Bangs

... Wigs, Etc.

Dressing Cases

Manicure Cases

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Hair Ornaments in Jet

Cut Steel, Etc.

At greatly reduced prices during the next two weeks.

P.S.—If you wish your hair Dressed, Cut, Shampooed, don't forget our Hair Dressing Rooms.



The Dorenwend Co., Ltd.

Telephone 1551
 183 and 185 Yonge Street

The Andrews Legacy

BY JOHN LANGDON HEATON.

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PART II.

CHAPTER III.—AS LIVE OUR FELLOW MEN.

Doubtless Janet Andrews would never have met Allyn Ford but for the slumming party Hosmer undertook to arrange for her and Aunt Fanny Duyckinck, and she would never have thought of the slumming party but for the Andrews legacy, still only a ghost seeking its body.

Ford, a stoutly-built man of middle age, with the look of a student in his spectacled eyes, was undoubtedly the best authority on slums in New York. He came from his office in the tenth story of the Trumpet building obedient to the summons of Hosmer, who had made his acquaintance in business, and they plunged at once into the great, throbbing heart of the east side.

Mrs. Andrews never knew how many stairs she climbed, how many dark passages she traversed, how long she breathed the foul air of dirty halls and dingy alleys. Ford went ahead without hesitation, sometimes relating the history of dark tragedies enacted in these gloomy quarters.

Before they had gone far Aunt Fanny declared, with resolution unusual in her, that she would not climb another stair. They put her into a carriage, which whirled her away uptown, vigorously snuffing at a vinaigrette.

The trio continued their exploration. They visited the college settlements in Forsyth and Rivington streets and the cathedral mission in Stanton street, where Bishop Potter had labored to get a closer view of the needs of men; they went into a model tenement, a huge building sheltering hundreds of souls. The halls and rooms were dirty. The janitor said that it was impossible to keep them in better condition. What most struck Mrs. Andrews in his recital was the fact that the good tenants rather held aloof from the buildings, suspicious of the motives of the people who had erected them, and not wishing to be considered objects of charity. Many of those who came were dirty, paid their bills only when compelled, and seemed to delight in doing mischief.

At the city hall Hosmer hailed a carriage. Above the roar of the street as they entered it, Mrs. Andrews made herself heard: "I was much interested in the model tenement," she said. "That, at least, seems an intelligent effort to better matters. Do you not think so?" Her quiet imagination already saw long rows of Andrews' improved tenement homes, filled with tenants, happy, prosperous and clean.

"I think," said Ford slowly, "that there are many bad uses to which rich folks put their money, but the building of improved tenements is one of the worst."

Mrs. Andrews stared in amazement. "Would you be willing to live in that 'improved tenement'?" he asked, smiling reply to her looks.

"No, indeed!"—with great energy. "Can you imagine a person of refinement living there in contentment? Would it seem possible to bring up children there in health of mind and body?"

"Scarcely; I do not know."

"Think it over. You'll have to answer 'no.' Well, why should we seek to improve what improvement will still leave intolerable, while there are square miles of vacant land near the city which could be bought, held by the public, reached by public rapid transit roads and engineered by public credit, so that the poor man could get a house and garden for the cost of a few cubic yards in a slum? That's what we've got to work for, or the next generation will be worse than this. The vilest tenements are being pulled down, as it is, to make room for warehouses and factories. The board of health rules prevent the building of very bad ones in the future. We have only to go farther and forbid them altogether."

"But what shall a rich man do to be saved, Ford, if he may not build 'improved tenements'?" asked Hosmer, guessing what was in Mrs. Andrews' mind.

"Well," said Ford gravely, "I'd start a model newspaper."

Hosmer laughed. "My dear sir," he said, "that is merely the professional point of view which commends the model newspaper to you and not the model tenement."

"I was only saying what I'd do if I were rich," said Ford imperturbably. "The public lives on newspaper, you might say. A really good newspaper that should lead public taste instead of surrendering to it."

"I see your idea, and it's a splendid one," interrupted Janet Andrews, with shining eyes. "I'd like to do that myself."

Hosmer was plainly amused by this impulsive utterance. Ford, not being in the possession of the key to it, looked surprised; and Janet Andrews, realizing that she had been too hasty, talked of other matters.

The quartette dined together at Mrs. Andrews' house, but no further reference was made to the model newspaper.

CHAPTER IV.

After the burst of applause that marked the conclusion of the address of Greener, the celebrated socialist, before the Twenty-First Century Club, the evening after the slumming party, word was brought to him that a lady in the audience desired some practical advice. And presently he was bowing low before Janet Andrews.

"I was much interested by your talk, Mr. Greener," she began, "and would like to lay a specific case before you, in confidence, for advice."

"You may rely upon my respecting the confidence," said Greener, who took life seriously and was rather ponderous in speech.

"I have a friend," said Janet, "who wishes to bequeath her fortune to some practical work. But she finds it difficult to select it. Could you advise her?"

"Your friend," said Greener, with meaning emphasis, "is quite like others. She wishes to enjoy, throughout a life which may be long, that which is not hers, and afterwards to fling some portion of it into the gulf of misery, that

paupers may scramble for it. Your friend might aid the Cause. But of course she will not do that. In any case, I could not advise any of those mischievous forms of activity known as charity. If she does not wish to aid in regenerative work, she would do 'much better to keep her money and buy pearls and pug dogs. Better that, bad as it is, than seek to make a class and then ruin it."

"I might have known I'd get nothing practical from him," thought Janet, as she turned away, her cheeks flushing at the rebuff she had received, "but I'm getting desperate enough for anything."

And this must, indeed, have been the case, else she would never have called upon Aunt Fanny Duyckinck, as she did the very next evening, to inspect the doings of her Working Girls' Club, in hope of an idea. People who knew Mrs. Duyckinck well seldom looked upon her as an example of practical wisdom.

Janet was surprised when Aunt Fanny welcomed her in evening dress. The hostess explained that she was so busy that really she couldn't devote her entire evenings to the club during the "season." "Come," she concluded, "let's go down to them. I haven't seen them yet this evening myself."

She led the way down the basement stairs. In the servants' hall they found half a dozen young women. A French maid in a dainty cap was with them and books were strewn about the table.

There was a little chorus of "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" as the two entered the room, and one girl clapped her hands. Mrs. Duyckinck blushed and looked pleased.

"Mais, madame, vous etes charmante, tres charmante! Voila une costume magnifique! N'est ce pas, mesdemoiselles?" cried the maid, turning to the girls at the table.

One or two responded: "Mais, oui, m'aiselle Nanette," in apparent pride of their linguistic skill. The others were discreetly silent.

"Yes, isn't it pretty, girls?" cried Mrs. Duyckinck, turning slowly around to exhibit her finery. "They're having a French lesson," she explained to Mrs. Andrews. "Nanette teaches them. Oh, we do lots of things. I read to them and discuss the topics of the day, and tell them what books are fit to read and which ones young girls should leave alone. We'll have more members by and by."

All this was said with extreme volubility, and in full hearing of the club. Janet looked at the young women. All were well dressed and seemed intelligent. One or two appeared as if they might be sufficiently desirous of learning French to overlook such eccentricities in their hostess, but at least a portion of the group, she was certain, were having a little quiet sport at a silly woman's expense. She was about to take her leave when a boy of nine burst into the room. He was in his stockings, his coat was off, his waist unbuttoned, his tie was dragging over his shoulder, and he was panting as if he had just won a race.

"Nurse says you're going out," he shouted in his childish treble. "You're always going out. Won't you give me some money? I'll have to go to school before you are up, and I want—"

"Yes, yes, dear; you shall have it," said Aunt Fanny hastily. "How careless to let you come down in such a shocking state! But no matter." Then turning she continued in a chirruping, cheerful voice: "These are mamma's working girls, Horace. Please say 'How do you do?' to mamma's working girls."

"How do you do?" said Horace, bringing his stockings heels together and bowing with mechanical correctness.

"Oh, French, French! Parlez vous!"

"Bon soir, mademoiselle," said Horace, without apparent interest, or expectation of an answer.

"Very good; only you should have said 'mesdemoiselles.' Plural, you know. Now shake hands."

The prospect of immediate funds rendered Master Horace good-natured, and he graciously shook hands with each girl in turn. The contrast between his unconventional attire and mien of dignity was so comical that one working girl concealed her face behind her handkerchief and three giggled, and Mrs. Andrews, struggling with an almost overmastering impulse to follow suit, escaped downstairs.

CHAPTER V.—ROSES RED.

Janet Andrews was indeed becoming desperate. People had somehow heard of her benevolent purpose and her unmade will, and her doorbell had little rest from morning till night.

Always hoping against hope that a feasible idea might be suggested by some of these visitors—every one of whom wanted immediate cash if possible, a legacy if that was the best that could be had—she was listening one afternoon to a dreary succession of appeals for money from rich people pleading general needs and poor ones pleading personal wants, and all equally barren of suggestion in her dilemma; and she had given checks with a liberality which she knew was reckless, and feared might be mischievous, when Aunt Fanny Duyckinck was announced and burst in upon her with the query: "Have you seen the papers?"

"No; what papers?"

"The Sunday papers, of course; yesterday's. I didn't, either, till an hour ago. I heard about it and sent downtown after them. The horrid creatures!"

"But what is it?" urged Mrs. Andrews.

"Oh, it's too awful! Do you know, two of those horrid working girls who have been coming to my house weren't working girls at all, but newspaper writers, and they've actually printed a long description of the club! And so ill-natured! They refer to my 'patronizing manner,' and say my French is bad and that my talk about theories of taxation was as good as a circus. And they told all about that ridiculous scene with Horace the evening you came."

"Did they give your name?"

"No, but they hinted at it."

"I am very sorry," said Mrs. Andrews, "for I am afraid it will put a stop to your charities."

"No, it won't. But that club will stop! I couldn't bear to have the creatures in the house again. You never can know when they are going to turn again and rend you. What the lower classes really need is more delicacy. Now, I'm going to get a big basket of roses—you can get very fair ones for eight dollars a

dozen—and I'm going to stores and shops and places where such girls are, and give 'em away. I'll be sure they aren't reporters then, anyhow. And if I see any destitution among the people I can offer assistance, too."

"I do not see that it can do any harm," said Mrs. Andrews slowly, after a moment spent in deep thought; "and after the experience I have had with charities that's saying a great deal."

CHAPTER VI.—A "TRUMPET" BLAST.

"I wonder who 'Mr. James Herbert Ransom' can be," mused Janet Andrews, glancing at the first of two strips of pasteboard; "oh, here's Mr. Ford's card, too. Probably his friend. I shall be down directly, James."

Ford's companion proved to be a handsome, finely dressed man in early middle life, who stated that he had come to interview Mrs. Andrews about her will.

"Oh, I can't!" she exclaimed, recoiling at the idea. "But, how did you hear of it?"

"Oh, then, it is true?" said Ransom.

"Believe me, Mrs. Andrews," put in Ford hurriedly, "a plain statement from you can do no harm. The newspapers will all have stories about you in any case, and you'd better have them authoritative. In fact, it was by my request that Mr. Ransom came."

"Yes," said Ransom; "when Ford heard about the will he became conscience-stricken for having suggested the model newspaper to you, and asked me to come and pulverize the idea by irrefutable facts and let the cold light of reason shine on the remains. Now see here, Mrs. Andrews, I shall be frank with you, in return for the interview you are going to give me. Ford's idea is crazy. You might as well drop your money in mid-Atlantic as try to run a newspaper by legacy. Your executors would all pull different ways, grinding their own axes and blowing their own penny whistles and galloping their own hobbies across the columns until they would look like a crazy quilt."

"You are very kind, both of you," said Mrs. Andrews, rallying a little; "but, of course, I never really thought of starting a paper"—which was no more than a gray lie at most. She had thought no more of it than of a dozen other schemes—that is to say, a great deal.

"All right," said Ransom, "so much the better for you. Now for the interview, if you please."

The interview, an "exclusive" for the Trumpet, was well over when Mrs. Duyckinck came bustling in.

"How are the roses going?" asked Janet weakly, reclining in a big chair after her labors, and feeling as if the world was nearing its end.

"Roses! Humph! I actually did buy a basketful of beauties and went down among the shops, and looked around until I saw a really clever-looking young person."

"My dear woman," I said, "won't you let me give you two or three roses? It must be dreadfully tiresome to stand here all day long."

"Thank you," she said, "but I cannot accept them. It would take nearly half my week's wages to buy such roses."

"But I didn't ask you to buy them," said I. "I know it," said she, "but I cannot take them. You mean to be kind, but you would not offer them to another lady, a total stranger, whom you might meet on the street. Why should you to me?"

"That's a very different matter," said I—as, of course, I oughtn't to have done; but I was so provoked—and I just turned right around and came back uptown as fast as I could go."

"And what are you going to do now?" asked Mrs. Andrews, smiling in spite of herself.

"Well, do you know, said the spurned one slowly, "it sounds horrid, I'm sure, but for awhile, at least, I'm not going to do—one—confounded—thing."

CHAPTER VII.—EUREKA!

"I suppose it is no use asking if you've an idea for my will. You never do have," said Mrs. Andrews rather testily to Hosmer, when that exemplary lawyer next came to report.

"True, I never have had in the past," said Hosmer coolly.

"Heartless wretch, have you found one now? Don't you know I'm dying to hear it?"

"I have an idea that seems good to me."

"Go on! Go on!"

"In the first place," said Hosmer, "I suggest that you do not wait for your death before beginning the work I shall propose. Make a will, of course; every one should do that. But use your money while you live, and have the fun of executing your own ideas, and be sure they are executed right."

"But how shall I live meanwhile?" asked Janet, after pondering the proposition for a moment.

"Don't give up all your money. One-tenth of it is enough for you to live on; nine-tenths will be more than enough for your work. Besides, with an assured income, you'll feel more independent, even if you remarry."

"I shall never marry," replied Janet, flushing.

"I am sorry," said Hosmer; "I intended to ask you to marry me."

"Janet," he went on, after a little silence, during which she remained looking at the floor, paling and flushing by turns, "I've loved you a long time, but never had the courage to tell you so. It would have seemed as if I wanted to marry your money, and you must have seen too much of that kind of love. But if you would only get rid of most of the stuff in the way I suggest, don't you see how different it would be? I am not rich, but I have enough for all our needs. If you retain only a modest income—or nothing; if I don't care—I cannot be accused of fortune-hunting if I ask you to let me love you."

Again silence.

"But you haven't told me yet what to do with the money," was what she said at last.

"Oh, never mind the money! It has bothered both of us quite enough; I shall not tell you one word more about my plan until—I tell you."

"Your conditions are very cruel," she murmured, "but of course, if you insist—"

That was a month or so ago. Hosmer's engagement to Mrs. Andrews has ceased to be talked about, only because gossip is busy with the report that the bride expectant has sold her Newport residence and bought a farmhouse on Long Island for a summer home, and

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that nearly her entire fortune is to be put into a trust fund for a permanent work of public beneficence. She is to retain her house on the avenue for association's sake, and for its nearness to her friends.

Hosmer and Janet are both absurdly happy. He has discovered that a man can spend twenty years in engrossing labor and still be, at forty, young in heart. She has found that a motive in life was what she wanted. They are to be married soon, and will take a long trip abroad before settling down to their life work.

What the work is I do not in the least know; nor, if I did, would I reveal the secret before the time.

Think what you would do with ten millions. That may be it.

THE END.

Mrs. S. Chadwick, London, late organist of Trinity church, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for her own use.

Dyspepsia Specialist (irritably)—But, madam, you must chew your food. What were your teeth given you for? Female Patient (calmly)—They weren't given to me—I bought 'em.

"It is indeed hard," said the melancholy gentleman, "to lose one's relatives." "Hard?" snorted the gentleman of wealth—"hard? It is impossible."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Kansas girl, the daughter of a Greenwood county rancher, was sent east to school this fall. "What do you know, my child?" the head teacher asked her. "Oh, farming," the new pupil replied. "Well, tell me what is a farm?" "A farm is a body of land surrounded by a barbed-wire fence," the little maid said.

A Pointed Speech.

Tit-Bits.

The little six-year-old Marquis of Stafford should have a great career as a public speaker. So far he has only once spoken in public, but his remarks on that occasion were brief and to the point. It was at the opening of a bazaar, and he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry mamma cannot come to-day, but she hopes the bazaar will go on all right and get lots of money."

There are plenty of public speakers who might with advantage take this speech as a model. "Mamma," of course, is the beautiful Duchess of Sutherland.

A Cricket Story.

During the England vs. Australian cricket match at Lord's a few years ago, the following amusing incident occurred:

W. G. walked out into the field side by side with Briggs of Lancashire; the latter, as is well known, being very small, hardly up to W. G.'s elbow. A child of about five was in the pavilion with his father, and said:

"Father, who is that big man?"

"That's Dr. Grace, the champion," said the papa.

"And who is the little one?" the child continued.

"That is Briggs."

Dead silence for a few moments, and then, "Papa, is Briggs Dr. Grace's baby?"

A Man of Resource.

A good story is told of the late Count Gleichen when he was an ambassador in London. At a dinner party it was his hard luck to have to conduct to table a lady of a taciturn and unresponsive nature. To all his polite nothings

You may have tried others.

Now try

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Whipped Cream...

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she answered never a word. Nothing daunted, he continued to ply her with small talk, till at last she slowly turned her head towards him and deliberately yawned. The Count was equal to the occasion. "Ah, madame," he said loudly, "I also have gold in my teeth!"

That Pale Face.

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QUEER CORNER

NOTICE.—The readers of SATURDAY NIGHT are requested to contribute information to this department. Items regarding events that have occurred in Canada will be especially welcomed, although facts, whether original or not, native or foreign, will be published if interesting. Queer occurrences are constantly happening, and we are anxious to place them on record. Any interesting item on any subject will be published. Any fact, article or piece of information sent in and not used will be returned by the editor and the reason of its rejection explained. Address letters to "Queer Corner," SATURDAY NIGHT, Toronto.

HE SLEEPS AT WORK.

Wexford has a case of somnolence which puzzles the neighboring doctors. Richard Wright, the sixteen-year-old son of Thomas Wright, a farmer near that village, has an unwelcome habit of dropping off to sleep at an inopportune time. After nine or ten hours' sleep during the night Dick would often, while ploughing in the fields, suddenly stop his horses and go into a sound slumber while standing erect. At the dinner table it was the same way. The knife and fork would clatter upon the plate as the boy dropped them, and before a second would elapse Dick would be sound asleep and could not be awakened without a vigorous shaking. The sleeping fits generally last an hour. Apart from a slight pallor the boy enjoys good health, but the somnolence continues in spite of the doctors' prescriptions.

AN OLD MEDAL.

Mr. Thomas of the Brant Block on the outskirts of Burlington, Ont., found on his farm there a rare silver medal, made early last century, during the reign of King George III., and evidently donated to some Indian for military service in Canada. The relic was probably buried with the remains of some brave on the Brant farm and had lain there undisturbed for perhaps a hundred and fifty years. Mr. Thomas had photographs taken of the obverse and reverse sides and Mr. D. Henderson, M.P., forwarded, through the Secretary of State, copies to the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness duly acknowledged receipt of the photos.

SELLING A GRAVE.

In the last issue of the *Exchange and Mart*, London, Eng., appears the following advertisement: **BARGAIN**—Lady leaving England permanently must sell family grave, hold five, marble slab, Meredith, &c.

THE TOYS OF ENGLAND.

It says a good deal for the goodness of John Bull's heart that he pays no less a sum than, it is estimated, something like a million a year for toys. Of this over £200,000 is spent in toys imported from abroad. Now, as it is reckoned that there are rather more than fifteen millions of children in the United Kingdom fifteen years old and under, it follows that the outlay for foreign toys is something about ninepence per child. Most of these articles come from Germany, which sends us toys of the value of £250,000 a year. Holland is second with £125,000 worth; France follows with £90,000 worth; while Belgium is a fairly good fourth with £70,000 worth.

WHO IS THE OLDEST MAN IN CANADA?

In a recent issue the St. John, N. B., *Messenger* put forward the name of Mr. James Ross of St. Martin's, N. B., as that of the oldest man in Canada, he having been born in Scotland 103 years ago. Mr. J. A. Delap of Granville Ferry, across the Bay of Fundy, however, wrote the editor as follows:

"I beg to inform your readers that we have in this little village of Granville Ferry, a colored man, Eli Marsh, who was born right here more than 109 years ago, has lived here ever since, and is still in fairly good health. His hearing and memory are good and it is wonderful to hear him tell of events that happened 85 and 90 years ago. Men who have lived all their lives and who are now considered very old, say that Eli was an old man when they were boys."

If any of our readers know of an old person who has crossed the century mark we should like to hear from them.

QUEER WAY TO GET A WIFE.

In Russia, on Christmas Day, instead of raffling for turkeys, as is done in some newer parts of Canada, they play a game that looks like raffling for wives. All the youth and beauty of the Russian village are invited to the house of some leading citizen, where songs and games and dances precede the real "game." When the time comes the hostess leads all the girls into one room, where they seat themselves on the benches. Laughing and chattering, they are each promptly muffled in winding sheets by the hostess. The head and hair figure are completely covered, and when this is done the girls resemble mummies. The young men draw lots, and one by one they enter the room where the muffled girls sit. Helpless so far as sight or touch goes, the puzzled lover tries to find his favorite. Finally he chooses one, and then he may unveil her. It is the law of custom that the man shall marry the girl he has picked out, and if either backs out a heavy forfeit must be paid. It is said this strange matrimonial lottery is productive of many happy marriages.

QUEER POINTS.

A London letter says that the late Du Maurier's curious religious opinions are to be found in the famous dialogue between Little Billee and the dog.

Every bullet doesn't find a billet. In the Franco-German war the Germans fired 30,000,000 rifle cartridges and 363,000 artillery projectiles. These killed or mortally wounded 77,000 Frenchmen; which shows that only one shot in four hundred kills a man.

Medical Opinions About Apples.

British Weekly.

A French writer has been collecting medical opinions about apples. An American doctor says that apples contain more phosphorus than any other fruit, or indeed any kind of vegetable, and advises the eating of an apple before going to bed at night. Apples, says a well known French doctor, induce a more quiet sleep than chloral or opium. They also give relief in cases of neuralgia and muscular rheumatism.

He Got It.

Freddy had been repeatedly told that he must not ask people for money. One day he met Mr. Williams, who could never resist an appeal from the small boy.

"Mr. Williams," said Freddy, "do you give five cents to little boys what don't ask for 'em?"

New Books and Magazines.

Nancy Noon, by Benjamin Swift, has just reached us from T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster square, London. This story is by a young writer whose identity is so far concealed, but we have the assurance of Mr. Barrie that the author is only twenty-five years of age and has already another novel almost completed. Mr. Barrie praises Nancy Noon highly, and it is truly a most interesting book and sometimes a very powerful one. The New York *Critic* devotes a column to it, but seems to shirk the claims of the author and the book to make a sensation. The claims are mentioned, but not passed upon. Possibly the critics await, as usual, to follow the public. Not being a critic by trade I can afford to hold an opinion, and it is that Nancy Noon is a remarkably fine book, that its author will presently make no end of a noise in literature, and therefore that Mr. Unwin has made another important "find."

Lady Aberdeen, after a long and gallant effort to continue the task of editing her monthly magazine, *Onward and Upward*, regrettably announces that she will discontinue that publication after this year.

Mabel Gray and Other Poems, by Lyman C. Smith, has just been published by William Briggs, Toronto.

Epigrams, by Arthur J. Stringer, has just been published by T. H. Warren, London, Ont.

A Slight Indiscretion, by Mrs. Edward Cartwright, one of the Little Novel series sent out by Fisher Unwin, is a story of English country life. The city maiden, case-hardened by many encounters with the emotions, tries Lady Clara Vere de Vere's pastime of "breaking a yeoman's heart." The denouement differs slightly from the Tennysonian yeoman's final survey of the affair, and the reader will not lose interest in the little tale until the outcome of the flirtation is reached.

A Mental Affliction.

Washington Star.

"It's a sad thing," said the sympathetic man, "but Blykins has become a veritable miser." "Impossible!" "It's true. The last I heard of him he didn't get any pleasure out of anything except sitting down in his cellar counting his hoard of anthracite coal over and over again."

Practical.

Pick-Me-Up.

She blushed prettily as she told the sister of her best young man that she contemplated buying a birthday present for him. "You know him better than I do," she said, "that's why I've come to you for advice." "Yes," said the sister enquiringly. "Well, what would you advise me to get?" "Oh, really I don't know exactly," said the sister; "I could only advise you in general terms. From what I know of him, he would appreciate something that could be pawned easily, better than something that could not." Then there was a great silence.

The Bottom Principle.

Nothing "merely happens so." Always keep that fact where you can see it. Whatsoever comes to pass has an adequate cause right behind it. I don't say this as though it were a new discovery. Not a bit. It is the bottom principle of all knowledge. But we are apt to forget it—that's the point; we forget it, and so have a lot of trouble there's no need to have. Here Miss Estlin May, whom we are glad to hear from, and in two matters set forth in her short letter she speaks, not for herself only, but for two-thirds of the women in England.

"In July, 1890," she says, "I had an attack of influenza, which left me in a weak, exhausted condition. I felt languid and tired. Everything was a trouble to me. The good appetite that is natural to me was gone; and when I did take a little food it gave me a dreadful pain in the chest. There was also a strange sensation in my stomach. I felt as if I had eaten too much when perhaps I had scarcely eaten anything."

"Then, after a time, I began to have a dry, hacking cough, and to break out in cold, clammy sweats. Not very long afterwards my ankles began to puff up and swell, so that when I stood on my feet it was very painful. I gradually got worse and worse. The medicines given me by the doctors seemed to have no effect. I lost flesh, like one in consumption, and I feared I should never be any better."

"In March, 1891, a gentleman told me about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and said he believed it would help me. Although I had no faith in it I sent for the Syrup and began taking it. One bottle relieved me and gave me some appetite. I ate and enjoyed my food as I had not done for years. I gained strength every day."

"I am now as healthy and hearty as I ever was in my life, and I owe it to Mother Seigel's Syrup. (Signed) Esther May, Buckingham Road, Northfleet, Kent, September 8th, 1893."

"In the Spring of 1895," writes another correspondent, "my wife got into a low state of health. She complained at first of feeling tired and weary, and could not do her work as usual. Her mouth tasted badly; she couldn't eat, and she had a deal of pain in her chest and back."

"Later on her legs began to swell, and soon the swelling extended to her body. With all this her strength failed more and more, until she could just go about the house in a feeble fashion, and that was all. No medical treatment did more than to relieve her, as you may say, for the moment."

"This was her condition when Mother Seigel's Syrup first came under our notice. We read of it in a book that was left at our house. After she had taken the Syrup only a few days she was decidedly better. And, to conclude, by a faithful use of the medicine the swelling went down, her appetite came back, and she was soon as well and strong as ever. Seeing what the Syrup had done for my wife, I began to take it for indigestion and dyspepsia, which had troubled me for years; and it completely cured me. (Signed) J. Heath, Orotava House, Alpha road, Cambridge, June 15, 1893."

We were speaking of nothing happening without a cause. The cause of all the suffering of these two women was one and the same—indigestion and dyspepsia. Men have it often enough, but this disease is especially the bane of women—with chronic constipation as one of its worst features. It is the cause of nearly all the ills and ailments they suffer from. Let every woman get the book which Mr. Heath speaks of and learn all about it. They can thus find out what the first symptoms are, and take Mother Seigel's Syrup the very day they appear.

She—Did you notice dot Mrs. Leviski, der wife of der bawnbroker? She vos cofered mit diamonds! He—Yes; an efery von of dem vos drawin' interest!—Puck.

Looking Ahead.

Youth's Companion.

A sojourner in a New England factory town, during one of her afternoon walks, came upon a peculiar sight. About a mile out of the town there was a small white cottage inhabited by a family of French-Canadians who were employed in the factory. As she approached the house she saw that a border of black paint about a foot wide had been added to the original white since her last visit.

The windows were outlined by this rusty black, a border surrounded the door, ran under the eaves-trough, and generally speaking, defined the contour of the cottage. The owner of the house sat smoking on the doorstep, and greeted the passer-by with a melancholy smile of recognition.

"Why, Mr. Jacot," said the young woman, "isn't that black border on the house something new?"

"It speaks true," responded the melancholy householder. "My wife have die, and the black border is for a mourn—a grief, you comprehend?"

"I am very sorry," said the young woman, gravely; "but it seems sad for the children to be constantly reminded of their loss in that way, and for you, too."

"It is not for always," returned the melancholy Canadian, an expression of surprise crossing his face at his visitor's senseness. "It is for a mourn—a grief—but not for always. Observe, I have put but only one coat of paint of the black. She is easy to change, to make bright; the black is good for under afterward."

The caller pursued her way, somewhat perplexed at this mingling of forethought and grief; but a month later, on passing the house, she saw her former melancholy friend sitting on the steps again, but not alone. A young and pretty woman, whom he proudly introduced as his wife, sat beside him; and scrutinizing the border of a cheerful green which now defined the outlines of the cottage, the passer-by discovered that the black had indeed made a good foundation "for under afterward."

An Unselfish Girl.

Two girl friends were discussing a mutual girl acquaintance the other day. "Oh, yes," said one, "Bertha is charming. She has but one fault. She worries herself terribly at times."

"Ah, but she has a greater fault still," said the other; "she is so unselfish."

"Unselfish! A fault?"

"Why certainly; she worries not only herself, but others too."

Teacher (sternly)—Willy, give that chewing gum to me! Willy—I'll let you have half of it.

"Johnny," asked his teacher, "what must we do before our sins can be forgiven?" "Sin," replied Johnny.

Mrs. Rusticus—What do you think of the new singer in our choir? Mrs. Malaprop—Lovely. Such a magnificent deep contracted voice.

"Darling, did you sing any pretty songs at Sunday school?" "Yes, mamma; we sang a lovely one about 'Greenland's ice-cream mountains.'"

Nopurse—I proposed to Miss Manymillions Christmas Eve. Gotbille—Shall I congratulate you? Nopurse—I don't know. She told me she wasn't Santa Claus; and that's all she said.—Puck.

Sundown—Ever since Old Soak visited Yellowstone Park, there's been a remarkable echo up there. Sunup—What is it? Sundown—If you shout 'What will you have?' it will answer 'Whisky.'—Chicago Tribune.

The First of these Monthly Competitions will commence January 1st, 1897, and will be continued each month during 1897.

\$1,625 IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES GIVEN FREE EACH MONTH FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS

As Follows: 10 First Prizes, \$100 Stearns' Bicycle, . . . \$1,000 25 Second " \$25 Gold Watch . . . 625 Bicycles and Watches given each month . . . 1,625

Total given during year 1897, \$19,500

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM. Competitors to save as many "Sunlight" Soap Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper, and paste the portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP" in a book or album, or on a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written his or her full name and address, and the number of wrappers sent in, postage paid, to Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, marked on the Front Wrapper (top left-hand corner), with the NUMBER of the DISTRICT Competitor lives in.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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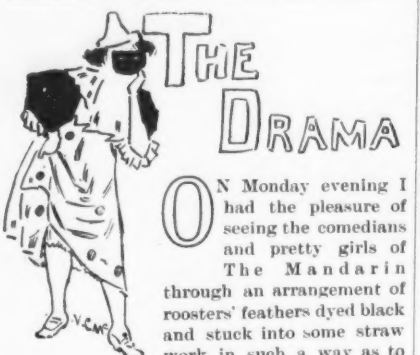
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ON Monday evening I had the pleasure of seeing the comedians and pretty girls of the Mandarin through an arrangement of roosters' feathers dyed black and stuck into some straw work in such a way as to represent the outspread wings of a hen. The straw work was very simple—oat straw dyed black and pleated—and the base of the whole structure was a woman who didn't know any better. The hat probably cost sixty-three cents. If it cost more the poor woman was robbed. Cheap as it was, it served its purpose, for it commanded the attention of all who sat behind it. Yet I would throw out a hint to women who wear hen-feathers, plumes, ospreys and what not on their heads when they go to a theater, where the man in the seat behind has paid a dollar to see something else than an ill-mannered hat—and this is the hint: Make a careful toilet, for the man, being unable to see the stage, will have to occupy himself in scrutinizing not only your hat, but your back hair, your neck, the shoulders of your garments, etc. What would you have? Do you suppose the man goes to sleep? He does not. He sits there and picks flaws in your anatomy; he says to himself that you are the sort of woman who only combs her front hair, and when she bathes, only sponges her profile. I am merely throwing out a hint, after having seen The Mandarin through the black tail feathers of a rooster, and after seeing Van Biele at the Grand through the white feathers of a goose. When a person goes to a theater accompanied by lady friends who, in consideration for others, bare their heads, and one finds oneself and party shut off from the stage by a row of women whose heads are surmounted by sixty-cent monstrosities in straw and barn-yard feathers—when the thing happens week after week, one's patience wears out. That a lot of hard-headed men in this town are getting mad, and that some of the least sensitive of them are beginning to say offensive things under such circumstances, is a fact. If nothing else will bring about a reform there will be found a few patriotic men who, when shut in by outrageous hats, will simply stand up in their places to see the stage, and thus provoke such a row that a reform will be worked on the spot.

While The Mandarin lacks the tunefulness and humor of Gilbert & Sullivan's best, yet it is a highly creditable production for DeKoven and Smith. The music is always bright, and Mr. Smith has turned his words adroitly. The opera is very picturesque set, the Chinese character and costumes lending themselves readily to the purpose, and altogether The Mandarin is quite a contribution to the gaiety of the age. The piece is half an hour too long, however, and should be cut somewhere. I would suggest that the delays between acts, as the least amusing part of the evening's performance, might be sacrificed.

The librettist tells us, with hot haste, that for the central idea—the complications resulting from the resemblance of two men—he is indebted to the Menachmi of Piantus. This is highly satisfactory. The gifted author of A Pair of Jacks at the Toronto Opera House this week should also give credit to old Pi. As regards the plot, I may say that I have written and torn up a synopsis of the story told in The Mandarin. It cannot be told without producing a very jabber of names, like Fan Tan, Hop Sing, Sing Lo, Foo-Chow, Oo Long and other names that suggest laundry men and special brands of tea. But in a word it may be said that The Mandarin sets out to steal another man's wife and loses his own twelve, and nearly loses his life. At the finish everything is, however, straightened out, only that The Mandarin loses his favorite wife to Hop Sing, and in her stead gets the large and terrible Sing Lo, an arrangement which, as the Emperor remarks, beats anything his torturers could devise.

As a sample of Mr. Smith's work I shall quote a part of the duet by Fan Tan and Ting Ling, in which two mandarins in chinaware play a part:

Fan Tan and Ting Ling's duet opens as follows:
Two mandarins in blue and white within a garden dwell—
Of dignity they've more than a suggestion:
And people come from far and near a troubled tale to tell,
And to ask those mandarins a knotty question.
A husband asked those mandarins: "O, tell me, is my wife
Sincere in all her kisses and caresses?
O, does she mean it when she says she loves me more than life?
Or is she working me for hats and dresses?"
Which, O which?
In response one of the mandarins nods its

head most emphatically, while the other shakes its head decidedly. Then the singers resume:
One nods his head—just so (imitating).
One shakes his head—just so (imitating).
Oh, it is perplexing quite,
And on the question throws no light.
I wonder, wonder which is right:
Both can't be right, you know.

George Boniface, Jr., as Fan Tan, is the leading comedian of the company, and is well supported by George Honey as the Mandarin and Henry Norman as the Emperor. Adele Ritchie, as Ting Ling, and Bertha Waltzinger, as Jesso, sing very well indeed, and act their parts with taste. Helen Redmond, as Ring Tee, is queen of as pretty a group of girls as have been seen on a local stage for a long time. As an entertainment the Mandarin is a success.

The musical comedy-farce, A Pair of Jacks, as it is described on the bills, was the attraction at the Toronto this week. The plot of the show is not interesting, for the reason that such a thing as a regular plot doesn't exist in the piece. A plot would only be a hindrance to a musical comedy-farce. A judge and a doctor who look exactly alike to the stage-people, a couple of adventuresses, an invalid professor and a girl's seminary, with three girls, are mixed up with plenty of light, catchy singing, some dancing and the popular "gags." The mixture on the whole forms a pleasant dose and can be recommended as an antidote for "blues." Prof. Jenkins Queer, with his inordinate craving for potent medicines and whisky, is an animal savage enough to scare off anything but a fortune-hunter. He has an ever-ready collection of endearing expressions. "You antique relic of an Egyptian mummy, you," is one of his mildest. He doesn't "flazz" on Pocahontas Smart, however, who twists him around her little finger and finally into a hopeless matrimonial tangle. Glorioso Smart, her daughter, is a credit to her mother. She is bigger, handsomer, sings better, and is just as old—really a most creditable child. Zetta is a phenomenon. She is one of those treble-voiced, golden-haired children who are seen chiefly on the stage. However, her ankles attest that she is not an infant. They are seventeen at least, and so one is not as surprised as one might be when she ends by accepting a proposal of marriage in her high-pitched childish treble. Carrie Frances and Frank Lynden sing some good tuneful songs and well deserve their encores.

Last week I omitted to mention the interesting lecture on The Scot at Home and Abroad, delivered in the College street Presbyterian church by Mr. John Imrie. The audience was greatly pleased with the lecture.

Wang, that highly amusing opera with its jingles and melodies, and extravaganzas, is entertaining crowds at the Grand during the latter half of the week. The first half was given up to Madame Albani's concerts of Monday and Wednesday evenings, which are commented upon in our music department.

The important musical attraction at the Grand Opera House in the near future is the appearance, for the first time in Toronto of the Frank Daniels Opera Company in Henry B. Smith's and Victor Herbert's successful comic opera, The Wizard of the Nile. In the towns visited by this production last season, a pronounced success was scored, but it comes to us with the charm of perfect freshness. Frank Daniels is a host in himself, but with a comic opera built on entirely new lines and supported by such singers and comedians as Edna Thornton, Louise Royce, Walter Allen, Leonard Walker, Louise Cassavant and Greta Risley, a fine attraction is offered. Miss Thornton sings the part of Cleopatra, while Louise Royce, as Ahydos, has even a brighter part. In The Wizard of the Nile there are not, we are told, any peppery old Sultans, or nasal tenors singing love-ditties under balconies, or old women with incendiary tempers and turned-up noses—in fact, none of those people so familiar to us in The Mikado and its echoes, in Wang and in The Mandarin. It would even seem that the Harry B. Smith who wrote the libretto for The Wizard of the Nile held in some contempt the methods of the Harry B. Smith who wrote the libretto of The Mandarin, but being one and the same person it is to be hoped that he will patch up the quarrel with himself. At all events The Wizard of the Nile promises to be a great treat for the first three nights of next week and Wednesday matinee.

Mrs. Burnett's famous play, Little Lord Fauntleroy, will be revived at the Toronto Opera House next week by a company that is perhaps the strongest ever seen in a local production of this successful play. The cast includes Mr. J. H. Gilmour, who was last seen here at the Grand with Frohman's Sowing the Wind company. He was the original Earl of Dorincourt. Little Jack McKeever will appear in the title role. The sale of seats is now in progress and "bargein matinees" will be given on the usual days—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

SPORTING COMMENT

Several times I have suggested that it would be good business to attempt the cultivation, in the interests of future sport, of English pheasants in the newer parts of Ontario. In suggesting this I mentioned the success attending the efforts of the Marquis of Lorne to introduce Canadian wild game birds to the forests and lochs of his estates in Scotland. It is now well known that Lord Lorne is highly gratified with the success of his experiment. And now it may be pointed out that an experiment with English pheasants has proved quite as successful over in British Columbia. Two years ago a lot of pheasants were imported, and they multiplied so rapidly that the British Columbia Government declared an open season for shooting cock birds only, between November 1 and 15, on Lulu Island. Local sports had a high old time of it for fifteen days, and it is anticipated that with a careful management and enforcement of the game laws there will always be pheasants in abundance in British Columbia.

Speaking of shooting, the Canadian Gazette says that Count de Puy Galon has issued some

notes concerning his explorations in the region of the Upper Ottawa. One of these refers to the fish and game found here. As a game country, he says, it presents remarkable features. Its remoteness makes it a natural home for the wild animals driven back by the advance of settlement, and seeking a region in which they can exist unmolested. The big game is very numerous, and in the space of a couple of months the Count counted the tracks of no fewer than six hundred moose and deer. One especially noteworthy feature of the report is the statement that he saw many tracks of the great Canadian elk, which had been supposed by many to be extinct east of the Rockies, and, in addition to such evidences of the presence of this animal, he was privileged to see one for himself, besides obtaining the information that one of his canoe men had killed two of them not long ago. The waters abound with fish, which may become a source of Provincial revenue in the future.

In regard to the sporting man's interest in the new country that stretches along the northern part of Ontario and Quebec, it is not going too far to say that a great many canoeing parties will be organized next summer to push all through the waters of that country. There has been a remarkable growth of interest in exploration, due chiefly to the discoveries of rich minerals in regions where it had long been supposed that timber, game and fish were the only natural products of value. I would like to say a word in favor of the idea of exploration, if a canoe trip may be described so grandly. Young men usually put in their holidays in loitering about Ontario proper, and they return to business without having experienced a new impression or hatched a new idea. Those who make a trip through the far northern parts of the province will have something to think about all their lives. In six weeks a party can go from Toronto to Moose Factory on James's Bay and return, and the trip will not be at all expensive. In that six weeks the tourists will see more of life than they can by living a hundred years in one of the cities. We enjoy a privilege that the young men of Europe would seize upon with great eagerness if they were near enough. Some day the trip to Moose Factory will be popular, but in that day the primeval charm of the route will be rubbed off.

In deciding to retire from the prize-ring Harry Gilmore is wise, but his wisdom, like his hitting of late, is somewhat slow. He should have quit sooner. He has stated that he does not think Hanley can weigh down to 140 lbs., although supposed to box at 135 on his recent appearance here. I do not know what Hanley weighed that night at the Princess, but if he did not weigh nearer 145 than 135 then I am no judge of live weight, and I've made quite a hobby of it, too. Gilmore will settle down now as a trainer, and his old pupils here will be pleased to know that West is one of his "young uns." Gilmore is certainly one of the cleverest of instructors. The proposal that there should be organized a Boxing Association in which, as I understand it, the amateur championships of the different classes would be competed for annually, is a good one. The sport can thus be kept in clean hands, as is the case with amateur boxing in England. Wrestling should be looked after by the same organization, and strict rules drafted to govern all contests so that those who admire honest amateur athletics can get what they want.

The winter season of sports has now opened, and as we read the papers we must feel surprise at the growth of hockey in Ontario. The game in the big centers does not improve as it might do, but the number of clubs and leagues multiplies with rapidity. Ten years ago hockey was scarcely played at all in a large part of Western Ontario, but now almost every town and village has its team, and the effect will be to cause a bigger and better class of rinks to be built to replace the poky little sheds, with a row of posts down the center, that now do duty in too many places.

I remember when the roller-skating craze was at its height, how the roofs of the ice rinks were allowed to fall in in many places, and elaborate buildings were put up and dedicated to the roller skate. I did not take kindly to the roller skate, yet to this day I cannot quite understand why the fad collapsed so suddenly and so utterly. There was good fun on roller skates, and one would think that the medical men who condemned the sport could have devised some way of overcoming the damage to health which was said to lurk in the pastime. Those who argued that the bicycle would rise and fall like the roller skate have probably changed their minds

now, yet when we look back on the one we cannot say that it is impossible that the other, beset by the same opposition, might not be overcome. I do not really think it possible that mankind could be scared off its bicycles as it was off its roller skates, yet the success of the trick in one case shows how strong certain forces are when united. The advantage of ice-skating is that it is cheaper (it grows wild, as one might say, in this country), and all sorts of games can be played on ice. And the greatest of these is hockey—which will soon be played in every village in Ontario.

We shall probably see more mud guards and closed in gears on the wheels next year than we have seen in Canada since wheeling began. It is no longer true that every bicycle rider is a racer, and a few ounces or a pound of weight added to a wheel will not at all injure it in the eyes of the average rider of 1897. To have the gear closed in would be considered a great comfort by many, while mud-guards have come to be regarded as an absolute necessity. In Toronto the streets are watered during the summer with the apparent purpose of annoying wheelmen, and mud-guards that would enable riders to go faster than a snail's pace on wet asphalt are absolutely necessary.

The greatest week in the history of curling in Toronto will begin on January 11, when nearly a score of rinks from New York, two from New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, and probably two from Winnipeg, will arrive in town to play with Toronto and Ontario rinks, for all sorts of championships, tankards and prizes. Every rink in the city suitable for curling will be called into use during the week, and a great interest will be aroused not only among the curlers of the city and the province, but with the general public, which is sure to succumb to the contagion of curler's excitement.

Queen's University Hockey team will play the Toronto Athletic Club in the Caledonian Rink next Monday evening; they then go on to London and Stratford and will probably play the Bank of Toronto on their return next Thursday. The local teams will thus be able to get a line on Queen's strength.

The St. Nicholas hockey team of New York is billed to play the All Toronto team Friday night, in the Victoria Rink, and a combined bank team Saturday night, but these games have not taken place at time of writing. Malcolm Chace and W. Larned, the famous tennis players who are with the team, played here two winters ago. As their playing will no doubt have much improved since then, we may expect to see a very interesting game.

From the showing Peterboro' made against the Imperial Bank they appear to have a good senior team. King, who was U.C.C.'s best man last year, and Phalen, are two of the best forwards in Ontario, and the combination of Peterboro's forward line will be hard to beat.

The local O. H. A. teams are fast getting into shape. Trinity has had several good practices, and with Senkler, Wilkie, Temple and several others they have to pick from, should get up a fairly good team, although it will hardly be equal to that of two winters ago.

T. A. C. appear to have about the best O. H. A. team in the city. McMurrick is without peer as a goal keeper, and with Temple, Brunell, Johnston and Carruthers of last year's Granites, Miller of Victoria, and Nolan, the old Ottawa player, they should be able to make things lively for their opponents.

The Wellingtons are the most promising looking lot in the Junior City League. They have kept their last year's championship team intact, and are practising hard at the Caledonia to recover their old time form.

The large American colleges are taking quite an active interest in hockey this winter. Cornell, Brown, Yale, Princeton and Pennsylvania all have teams, and it has been suggested that a league be organized to decide the college championship.

One on Mr. Bengough.

The Canadian Gazette, published in London, Eng., thinks that Canadian shoemakers and tailors have cause of quarrel with J. W. Bengough. It says:

We all appreciate the humors of Mr. Bengough, Canada's political cartoonist; but does every Canadian public man wear tight-fitting corkscrew trousers, case his feet in masses of leather of inordinate length, and turn in his toes in a way that would disgrace a three-year-old? Canadian tailors and shoemakers should gently lead Mr. Bengough into better ways, for their wares cannot fail to suffer from such an advertisement.



He followed soot.

Song of the Ghosts.

For Saturday Night.
Oh, we are the folk of gristle and bone,
Who walk by the pale starlight;
We rise from our graves with a curse and a groan,
We mend our old shrouds by the side roads lone,
Then speed we away by night.

Pale people in white, we dance in the air
To shake off the coffin worms;
We mutter a spell and we mutter a prayer,
Foul fiends we call in our orgies to share,
Who scatter all fever germs.

The nod of a skull, the wave of a hand,
Then forth we all scurry for fun;
Assassins we haunt, and we smile as we stand
And tarry sleepers all over the land,
Till night, merry night, be done.

At cock-crow we gibber and howl and we glide,
To sink into earth again;
Where worms in their grime and their laziness
Where bones are as stones and all joys are denied,
Till shades are released again.

W. T. ALLISON.

Farewell.

For Saturday Night.
Farewell; though trusted one,
If thou must flee;
Sail o'er the deep, and leave
No thought of me.

The dreary days must come,
And empty years,
While saddest thoughts employ,
And ceaseless fears.

If thou hadst said one word
Of soothful love;
But mute were those sweet lips,
Thy heart to prove.

In after years, when lone
And distant still,
Perhaps the love unchecked
Will move thy will.

But, ah! the Ghost Remorse
Will mock thy pain,
And never more will thou
Come back again.

Trenton. B. KELLY.

Heigho, the Mistletoe.

For Saturday Night.
Sing Heigho! for the mistletoe
Hangs on the door and over the stair—
O'er a sweet maiden standing there,
Sing Heigho, for she does not know.

Sing Heigho! for the mistletoe!
Lovers are fearful of frightening
Birds that might suddenly be a-wing,
Sing Heigho, for he does not know.

Sing Heigho! for the mistletoe
Swings on still, but the bird has flown,
Vexedly thinking, "He might have known,"
Sing Heigho, some lovers are slow.

Ottawa, Dec., '96. FLORENCE H. RANDALL.

Thoughtlessness.

(From Mabel Gray and Other Poems, by Lyman C. Smith. Published by William Briggs, Toronto.)

A rosebud in a sunbeam's arms,
In sweet repose was sleeping,
Its tiny face with cheek of pink
From hood of green was peeping.

The sunbeam gazed upon the rose,
And fondly he caressed it,
But bruised its tender lip, as he
With kiss too ardent pressed it.

And though he softly bathed the wound,
Though Night, with tears, him aided,
In life, and e'en in death, the scar
Still never, never faded.

Thus, thoughtless, we may bruise a heart,
And earnestly endeavor
To heal the wound, but, as the rose,
It wears the scar forever.

To the Critic.

(From Epigrams, by Arthur J. Stringer. Published by T. H. Warren, London.)

Call him, whose art ye fondly blame or praise,
A cloven reed, when some one lip unknown,
God-like—to wit in eloquent—but plays
The one old ineffectual monotone.

Cradle Song.

North Georgia Citizen.
Slip away to slumber land,
Baby, Oh, my baby;
You shall have a rattle and
A woolly dog, a dragon grand—
Finest fellow in the land—
Baby, Oh, my baby.

Cuddle down and close your eyes,
Baby, Oh, my baby;
Stars are peeping from the skies—
How one so young can be so wise,
Is mightiest of mysteries—
Baby, Oh, my baby.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

The Skaters.

From Outing for January.

I.
Far in the West the dead day's pyre,
Between the spaces of the wood,
Burned low—a dusky, sullen fire—
Beneath the twilight's gathering hood.
But quivering in the dusk and gray
One star, that softly grew more bright,
Gleamed like a promise of the night
Above the embers of the day.

II.
Before us lay the glassy stream,
A crystal path from shore to shore,
That seemed to hold it in a dream
Of limpid, laughing tides of yore.
And still, in memory of June,
The stars reflected held a place,
While glimmered o'er its frozen face
The whiteness of the rising moon.

III.
With flashing feet we sped away
Along the silent, snow-clad shore,
That, gleaming in the moonlight, lay
Where swift our shadows ran before!
But though the shore was still and white,
No summer song was e'er more sweet
Than that clear music which our feet
Sent ringing to the winter's night!

IV.
We felt the rushing wind go by,
As round some bend with quickening stride
We swept, and heard the pine boughs sigh
That leaned across the frozen tide;
Until the ever-broadening stream
Stretched straight before to meet the bay,
That in the magic moonlight lay
In silver silence, all a dream!

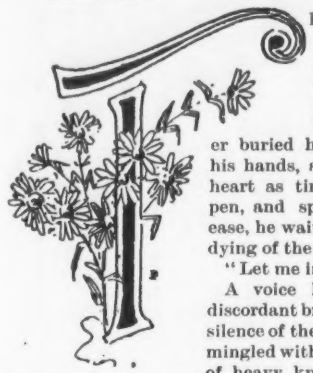
V.
And when at last we homeward turned,
With eager, yet reluctant feet,
Our pulses glowed, our faces burned,
And life felt buoyant, strong and sweet!
Within the house one beacon-light
Its vigil kept; within the grate
The fire burned low—the hour was late—
But health's best sleep was ours that night!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

A TRAGIC SMILE.

I dreamt a dream,
But ah! that dream is dead;
It was a dream of things too sweet to see,
And joy, forever fled,
(My happy dream is dead).

I am a dream
Gold dream—



HE pen dropped from the tired fingers and the Dreamer buried his head in his hands, and with a heart as tired as his pen, and spirit ill at ease, he waited for the dying of the year.

"Let me in."

A voice harsh and discordant broke on the silence of the room and mingled with the sound of heavy knocking on the door. Rising hastily to his feet the scholar strode to the door and threw it open wide, and an old man, worn and bent with age, staggered feebly into the room and sank in a chair by the study fire. His face, wrinkled and furrowed with the ravages of time, seemed somehow strangely familiar, and his repulsive personality haunted the mind of the scholar with a sense of ghastly reminiscence.

"Who are you?" asked the Dreamer, eying him wonderingly.

"I am the spirit of the past."

"No, you are not the spirit of the past," responded the youth dejectedly, "for the past is not a spirit, but a corpse. Who are you?"

"I am the Old Year," said the visitor, warning his hands at the fire. "Let us talk together seriously. Your life has been a failure."

"You measure a man by his purse," cried the Dreamer indignantly.

"Yes, and I measure the purse by the man," said the Old Year severely. "But what have you done with your life?"

"I have done nothing," replied the youth, "but I have often dreamt divinely. While others, blindly practical, have passed their days in offices and shops, and lived the lives of vegetables and brutes, I have dwelt in mental palaces jeweled with happy hopes and golden visions. By day and night, by sweetest rapture thrilled, I have walked with the immortals on the Alpine heights of thought."

"But Joe dwells in the valleys," said the old man softly, smiling.

"Then she must dwell alone," answered the youth dejectedly.

"Tut, tut, tut," cried the Old Year sharply; "your life has been a failure and you know it. Capable of all things, you have proved equal to nothing, and now you must come away with me. We shall leave the world together. But first look at this mirror and see what might have been—"

He drew from under his cloak a mirror whose silvery surface, as he turned it towards the Dreamer, was slightly blurred and clouded by vague and misty shadows.

"What do you see?" asked the old man.

"I see—a court-room; the place is close and crowded with men and women. On the bench, in robes of ermine, a judge is sitting, and in the dock a prisoner charged with murder. With tense white face, hands clenched and eyes despairing, his pale lips quivering with a voiceless agony, he gazes hopelessly before him; while over his head, invisible to all but one, the angel of death is hovering with hand outstretched to strike. A witness is standing in the box, and near before him, clothed in robes of black, I see a lawyer (and the face of the lawyer is my face). Hark! he is speaking now; and his voice, stern and relentless, tortures the brain of the witness until his jarred and quivering nerves, all tangled and discordant, break down before the stormy tide of words, and the red lines of perjury glow on his ashen face. The witness descends from the box and the counsel turns to the jury. He is reasoning—he is pleading. Over the twelve white faces he bends in a fever of passion and pleads for the life of the prisoner. Will they save him? They waver. Will they slay him? They waver. With words that weep and thoughts that burn and thrill he breathless bends above them pleadingly and cuts the quivering cords of doubt with swordlike sentences of flame and fire. They waver no longer. Eureka, he conquers—the prisoner is free. The angel of death has vanished from the court-room and a soul snatched from the shadow of the infinite weeps on the neck of his Saviour."

"That might have been you," said the Old Year. "That might have been you; but what are you now? A dreamer. Look again! What do you see?"

"I see—a statesman. He sits in the council of the nation, and with a master hand and cunning brain he weaves the looms of history, and binds and blends the warring elements of race and creed and faction and religion into the frame and form, the pattern and proportion, of a majestic nation. I see him making history."

"That might have been you," said the Old Year. "That might have been you; but what are you now? A dreamer. Look again! What do you see?"

"I see an orator," said the Dreamer. "I see a mighty auditorium thronged with a multitude of people. On the platform stands an orator and he gazes dreamily forward at the surging sea of faces upturned, expectant, before him. In silence—nay, he is silent no longer. See, he has lifted his hand. Hush, he is speaking; soft melodies are dripping from his lips. In silvery tones and sweet he thrills the chords of ten thousand hearts, and still his voice is low. Hark! it deepens—they tremble; it quivers—they weep; it coaxes—they are willing; it threatens—they shudder. It quickens, it quivers—ah! see, he is growing diviner. He steps to the front of the platform and his voice peals forth like a trumpet appealing, beseeching, rebuking, commanding; it trembles, and rages, and thunders in ecstasy divine. The pallid lips, now parted, pour forth a flood of fire, a many-colored tide of glowing words

and thoughts. He is a vocal flame, a phosphorescent personality of melodious light and sound. He looks through the dust on the souls of his hearers and speaks to the spirit within. See, he holds them in the hollow of his hand; they are angels, they are devils—as he wills."

"That might have been you," said the Old Year, "but what are you now? A dreamer. Look again. What do you see?"

"I see an author, a wizard of words and singer of beautiful songs, who dips his pen in the blood of his heart and writes immortal visions upon the brains of men. See, they crown him with laurels and he sways his pen like a sceptre, and the voice of mankind is the tongue of his fame and his throne is the heart of the world."

"That might have been you," said the Old Year. "Living and dead in glory forever, that might have been you; but what are you now?"

"I am a tragedy," cried the Dreamer, arising to his feet. "I am a drama done behind the scenes; I am a special creation doomed to a special destruction. My soul is like a fiery furnace molten red, and the consuming fires of genius burn my poor brain to ashes. I am the youngest brother of Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe—the divinest possibility that ever died unborn. I am a genius, I am—nothing."

"What have you left?" asked the Old Year, stealthily watching his hand.

"I have this," cried the Dreamer triumphantly, and the barrel of his revolver flashed in the light of the fire. "I always thought the world unkind until it gave me this—"

(The quivering chords upon the harp of life grew harsh and tangled in a moment, and a charred breath from hell crept through the palpitating nerves, playing a tragic discord on a soul divinely sweet.)

"Fire," cried the Old Year fiercely. "Put your gun to your eye and fire. I will bear you away in my arms."

"Hush," said the Dreamer softly, stirring the papers on the table with the point of his revolver. "The generous world which gave me this—this pretty little Christmas present—this pistol—shall have a New Year's gift from me. These are the verses I was writing when you came. We will read them softly till the clock strikes twelve, then we will pull the little trigger:

I dreamt a dream, but ah!
My dream is dead;
It was a dream of things that may not be,
It was a dream of things too sweet to see,
And joy, forever fled.

"Haste," cried the Old Year eagerly; "the hands of the clock draw near to the hour of twelve, the shadows are deepening in the west."

"So do the shadows deepen on my soul," said the Dreamer wearily. Hark!

O dream, dead dream,
O dream of sweetest seeming;
When will I dream
My sweetest dream again?
Dark is the night, my soul forever dreaming,
Drifts deathward doubting
God may be a dream.

I am a dream
Ghouls dreamt me in the midnight
Lo I—

"Fire," cried the Old Year, leaping suddenly to his feet and stretching out his withered arms to seize his willing prey. "The finger of time points to the hour of twelve, the darkest darkness thickens in the sky and I must leave the world and you must come with me."

"The darkest darkness gathers in my soul," said the Dreamer sadly, and his eye glanced dreamily down the barrel of the revolver into the dim aisles and shadow-shrouded pathways that lead from life's inferno to the dreamless valley of death.

His finger touched the trigger.

"Stop."

A clarion voice rang through the room and a beautiful youth in garments of light, the New Year, radiant with love and joy, rose glittering on his sight, his silvery voice in music mingling with the sweet, melodious chiming of a thousand mellow bells.

"Stop. It was the mirror of the future which you saw. I will fulfil your dreams."

"I am going now," shrieked the Old Year, making a dive for the window.

"Go and be—"

"Go and be—"

"Go and be—"

"Go and be—"

"Go and be—"

"Go and be—"

"Go and be—"

"Go and be—"

"Go and be—"

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"Go and be—"

the light of a special favor of Providence, and said so. Harry thought so too, for he was stranded high and dry—but more particularly dry.

Jack started in to fulfil his determination of getting comfortably drunk, and being a good-hearted soul he decided to include his friend. Indeed, as he imbibed deeper and deeper, his generosity grew more comprehensive, and soon he was treating the whole bar. It grew late and Jack was getting drunk, spending his money as a king by the name of Simpson might have done. It grew later. Jack grew correspondingly drunker. The bar-tender watched him from the corner of a bad eye. Jack called for drinks for the crowd and slapped down a five-dollar bill. The bar-keeper served the drinks and gave Jack change for a one-dollar bill, or precisely ten cents.

"Look't here, pardner, I gave you a five-dollar bill."

"Naw, you didn't. Don't talk to me."

"Yes, I did. Ask Harry, here."

"Go on, you can't bluff me. I'm not a young duck. I've been flying for some time. You're drunk."

Jack Simpson was drunk, but not so drunk as not to know he had been cheated. He was drunk enough, however, to lose his temper under an injury like this. Perhaps a sober man would have done so. He pulled off his coat and, shaking loose from those who tried to stop him, made a rush to climb over the bar. He was pulled down. There are always plenty to protect a bar-tender. He made another rush, cursing and fighting the men that held him back. Not until he was completely exhausted did he cease his struggles. Then they threw him into the street and his coat after him. Mechanically and dispiritedly he started to stagger home, accompanied for a few blocks by the faithful Harry, whose show of sympathy made it necessary for Jack to spend his ten cents on two drinks in another saloon, where he drived the story of his wrongs to another bar-tender, who did not even pretend to listen as he worked the beer-pump.

In a little rough-cast house in the district long honored by the appellation, "The Ward," a suppressed air of excitement and glee was apparent in the movements and conversation of the children grouped about the kitchen stove. They were discussing the possibilities of certain articles finding their way down the chimney. There seemed to be a delicious mystery in connection with the navigating of such portly articles as a sleigh, a bass drum, and such things, down so small a chimney, but there was not the smallest atom of doubt that it could be done.

The mother, meanwhile, was busy making mince pies on the kitchen table, her youngest, a precocious little fellow in kilts, kneeling on a chair, elbows on a chair-back, chin on his hands, watching her, and from time to time favoring her with little bits of advice. One end of the table was not being used for the manufacture of mince pies. It was covered with a folded table-cloth and set with a bone-handled knife and fork, and cup and saucer of plain white ware.

"Harry said he's goin' to get a new snow-shovel that's strong enough to kill a man with. He says he's goin' to kill me, Ma, but he won't, will he?"

The mother rolled out a piece of paste and smiled. "I told him my drap' had a gun that could knock him off the map, an' maybe I was goin' to get a gun too."

The woman glanced at the clock—half-past nine—and answered the child's prattle absently.

"An' Harry says," went on the little fellow, "that there ain't no Santay Claus. It's just your father and mother he says, but it ain't, is it?"

"Never mind what Harry says," replied the mother, "but it's time little boys were in bed. Santa Claus doesn't come to little boys unless they're sound asleep."

"I want to wait till father comes,"

"He's working 'over-time,' dear, and won't be home till late. I want to see you safe in bed so that when he does come we can go out and buy the turkey. Come, all of you, off to bed."

There were murmurs and whispers to be heard for some time after the children had gone upstairs, but gradually silence stole over the little house. The woman finished her baking, tidied up the table and sat down to wait, and to think as she waited.

Why didn't he come? If only there were any money in the house she might herself go out. The clock slowly and ominously struck eleven, and then a footstep sounded in the front porch. The woman turned pale. The front door opened and Jack Simpson shuffled down the narrow little hall into the kitchen.

"Merry Christmas, M'ria," he said. "Merry Christmas. Eh? Y' should say, same t' you—"

"at's what you should say, same t' you, an' many o'vem."

The look in her face reminded him suddenly of his falling away.

"I was robbed, M'ria. Goin' long home, an' a man—two o'vem—jumped on me an' stole my money—"

She said nothing, but motioned him to go to his room, whither he went, blubbering and muttering that it was a nice thing that a man couldn't get no sympathy when he'd been robbed and nearly killed.

Then the woman looked at the row of little stockings hanging behind the stove, and set to work to make bricks without straw, and from nothing evolved something.

Commercial Men.

A Few of the "Old Brigade."

LAST Saturday afternoon an old commercial man and a friend stood at the corner of Yonge and King streets. The traveler had worked the northern ground for over twenty years. Said he to his friend, "There are not many left of those who were on the northern road twenty years ago. We can count them all on our fingers."

"You see that stout gentleman wearing the silk hat? He is one of the 'old brigade,' represents one of the big city drygoods houses up north. That is Mr. Richard Cheeryble—fine fellow is Dick, thoroughly English, you know. Had he been wealthy, as the old song goes:

He's a fine old English gentleman,
One of the olden time.

"Mr. Cheeryble is the great Pooh-bah in the order of the 'Sons of the Ancient Druids' and past grand master of Mistletoe Lodge. He still looks hale and hearty, though he has ploughed through the snows of the wild northern country for twenty winters."

"You see that heavy built chap with the swinging, self-confident, don't-care-a-continental kind of a walk? Another northern pioneer Mr. Joseph De Lisle. Porters, bus-drivers and baggagemen call him Mr. De Lisle; but among his friends and customers his name's 'Joe.' He is the Parnell of the road—free trade radical. Hopes to live to see Home Rule for Ireland; great Irish patriot is Joe. He sings The Shamrock better than any amateur in Canada. He's a hard worker. You will find him selling sugars at twelve o'clock at noon, and waiting in a blizzard for his train at twelve o'clock midnight. He is always on the move. As the horse-dealers say, 'Well broken to harness.' A lady can drive him, only he mustn't be jibed; and keep the whip in the socket, or he is apt to kick the kerriage into kindling wood and the occupants into kingdom come. But then a traveler who has no enemies had got neither friends nor individuality of character; and Joe has both."

"You see that little fellow rushing across the street? That's Joe Gargery. He represents a big biscuit and confectionery house. He's quite an original character. Joe is not what you would call a brilliant conversationalist, but he's a plodder. Before the train fairly stops at a station he catches up his sample-cases and makes for the first grocery or confectionery store. It's a case of 'Polly wants a cracker,' with Joe. 'Fine day. Anything wanted? Crackers or candies? Yes or no?' and through the town he goes. He sells crackers all day and dreams of candies all night. One of Joe's peculiarities is that after New Year's day he wants to know where you are going to spend Easter Sunday; then he begins to think whether it will be wiser to spend the Queen's Birthday at the Humber or Victoria Park; after the 24th he begins to figure on Dominion Day; then he consults the boys about Civic holiday. Christmas is a great event to Joe. Last year Joe won a silver butter-dish by answering the question in *The Mother and Daughter's Magazine*, 'What became of Cain after he killed Abel?' Joe couldn't rest when he was advised about his success, but when he found that the magazine people wanted a dollar subscription, and seventy-five cents for packing the silver trophy, that he could buy for half a dollar on bargain day, he quit guessing Bible questions and went in for raising chickens. Yes, we have some original characters on the road and Joe is one of them."

"There goes Mr. W. O. McAllister—lives in Toronto, but represents a Hamilton grocery house. Popular fellow is W. O. Like Mark Tapley he's always jolly; nothing worries him. Mosquitoes in June or a blizzard in January, it's all the same; he always has a smile, a story and a shake of the hand for all. I have known Billy for twenty years and I never saw him the least bit mad but once. It was a cold, stormy night and another traveler and he wallowed through a midnight snowstorm at Gravenhurst."

Reassured.



Wheeler—I—er—I positively never loved any one before!
Sally Van Cliff—Oh, that's all right! I'm sure I never dreamed of questioning your amateur standing.—N. Y. Truth.

Mac reached the hotel first, registered, walked around to the keyboard and took No. 1 key. When the other chap came in he handed him key No. 2. The old night man showed them upstairs and No. 2 turned out to be the bridal chamber, the swell room on the first flat. As a rule No. 1 is the best room, but on this occasion it was the sitting-room key. As all bedrooms were now occupied on the first flat, W. O. had to climb up aloft. Dear! dear!! the language was ornate. We could hear his shoes and overshoes being fired at the bedroom door. The whole house shook as he rattled around in his little attic room, but then we all have our little mishaps and misfortunes on the road, you know; and all's well that ends well.

"Oh, there goes another old pioneer o' the north, Mr. Robert Mantell. He represents one of the leading city drygoods houses. Robert is always on hand, midwinter and midsummer. Never misses a train on week days or the kirk on Sundays. Never forgets anything. His customers can rely on what he says. Like all Scotchmen he is economical, quiet, methodical, and an invaluable man to the firm he so ably represents."

"There are scores of youngsters on the road. See those three at the bank corner—pink shirts, patent needle-toed boots, creased trousers, diamond rings, gold-headed canes—they are in special lines, stove polish, nutmeg graters, rat traps and marmalade, but they don't belong to the regular line of commercial men. They're here to-day and gone to-morrow, but there's very few of the old school left. So runs the world away."

TOM SWALWELL.

Reflections on Courtesy.

MOUBERT, in his charming *Pensees*, speaks of courtesy as "the flower of human nature." Most of his reflections are not only exquisitely keen and delicate, but also profoundly true and just. Few readers will question either the truth or the justice of the one we quote, yet their own daily conduct is not fragrant with the perfume of that flower. Nothing sweetens the hard and dusty highway we all have to travel like the constant exchange of the little courtesies of life. Kind words, helpful deeds and gracious consideration would keep the season of good-will fresh and real long after the Christmas bells have died away into silence.

Even good men and women, members of our churches and professed followers of Jesus of Nazareth, forget that the strenuous cultivation of good manners ought to form an important part of their religion. The New Testament is one of the best manuals of true politeness to be found in the whole range of literature. It contains many texts which explicitly teach us how to behave to one another, and its central figure, the blessed Master Himself, was beautifully called by an old English poet "the finest gentleman that ever breathed." He was as incapable of discourtesy as He was incapable of sinning. His most merciless critic cannot point to one word He spoke or one deed He did as violating the true spirit of courtesy. From time to time He called attention in His ministry to the place and power of politeness. When he was dining, on one occasion, with a wealthy Pharisee, He noticed that the guests were very eager to get the most honorable and distinguished seats at the table, and it was so repulsive to His sense of what was gracious and courteous that He censured it severely. In our Lord's time religious pride and animosity were too strong for the instincts and habits of courtesy. A Jew would not salute a heathen, and a Pharisee studied the sky with a piously exclusive air when he saw a publican drawing near. One might think that whether men saluted each other or not was a question beneath the dignity of a great religious teacher, but Jesus Christ was bold enough to declare that treating men of another race or faith as unworthy of recognition is a sin. It is a breach of that brotherhood which is at the root of all religion, and which links together in the bonds of common humanity all people that on earth do dwell.

Some writer has said "politeness is like an air-cushion; there's nothing in it, but it eases the joints wonderfully." This old and weary world of ours would be transformed into a paradise if within the coming year its inhabitants would practice the golden rule of doing to others what they expect others to do to them. Burdens would be lightened, life would be made easier, and qualities now restrained by the hard bonds of selfishness would blossom into the flower and fragrance of expression. Offer, my reader, the cushion of politeness to every tired fellow-traveler you meet in life's journey this year, and see whether 1897 will not be the happiest and most helpful year in your life.

Self-respect and self-control lie at the root of all true politeness. Without them what Moubert calls "the flower of humanity" is impossible. Their absence is the explanation of that flagrant discourtesy which mars so much of the literature of our generation. During the last ten years we have been deluged with the reminiscences of men great and small. The personal details they furnish minister to the curiosity of readers, so they sell and pay. But they sin against the laws of courtesy. They proclaim on the house-top what was told in the closet, and unveil what ought to be kept sacred. We regret to see that one of the most recent and most beautiful books is tainted with this defect. J. M. Barrie, in the judgment of many of the greatest of the Scottish school of novelists, has written an idealized biography of his mother, in which he lifts up the curtain from her holiest and most hidden experiences. Many may think this a service to humanity, but we consider it an insult to the memory of her we would honor and a sin against that reticence which is of the essence of Scottish character. After all, Margaret Ogilvy was no greater or better than hundreds of mothers in "the land of the heather," who sought no more famous memorial than an abiding-place in the inmost shrine of the hearts of the sons and daughters for whom they had made so many sacrifices. To win money and reputation out of the records of a mother's sufferings and endurance is to us dangerously akin to the unflattering conduct of "one who could peep and botanize upon his mother's grave," so justly satirized by the poet. It offends against the canons of self-respect and self-control, and writes itself down a glaring breach of that courtesy which ought to characterize everything coming from the pen of a man hitherto honored by all who honor Scotland and things Scottish.

D. S.

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Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Jan. 9	Jan. 18	Jan. 21	Jan. 22
Werra	Jan. 16	Jan. 25	Jan. 27	Jan. 27
First Bismarck	Jan. 23	Feb. 1	Feb. 3	Feb. 3
Fulda	Feb. 6	Feb. 14	Feb. 18	Feb. 19
Normannia	Feb. 13	Feb. 21	Feb. 26	Feb. 26
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Feb. 20	Mar. 1	Mar. 3	Mar. 3
Werra	Mar. 6	Mar. 15	Mar. 18	Mar. 19
Fulda	Mar. 13	Mar. 22	Mar. 26	Mar. 27

*Steamers call at Algiers.

SPECIAL CRUISES NEW YORK TO EGYPT.

Leave New York	Ar. Gibraltar	Ar. Alexandria
Columbia	Jan. 5	Jan. 13
Werra	Jan. 16	Jan. 25
Normannia	Feb. 13	Feb. 21
Werra	Feb. 27	Mar. 8
Fulda	Mar. 13	Mar. 22

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Paris.....Jan. 13 10 Paris.....Feb. 3 10
New York, Jan. 20 10 St. Paul, Feb. 10 10
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Anecdotal.

A certain youthful curate was taken to task by the new Archbishop of Canterbury for reading the lessons of the service in an inaudible tone. Whereupon the young man replied: "I am surprised that you should find fault with my reading, as a friend of mine in the congregation told me that I was beautifully heard." "Did she?" snapped the bishop, and the fair young curate collapsed. His lordship had once been a young clergyman himself, and knew a thing or two about the "friend."

Lord Mansfield was trying an action which arose out of the collision of two ships at sea, when a sailor, giving an account of the accident, said: "At the time I was standing abaft the binnacle." "Where is abaft the binnacle?" interposed his lordship. The witness, who was half-drunk, exclaimed: "A pretty fellow to be a judge who does not know where abaft the binnacle is!" Lord Mansfield, instead of threatening to commit him for contempt of court, quietly said: "Well, my friend, fit me for my office by telling me where abaft the binnacle is; you have already shown me the meaning of half-seas over."

At a recent assizes held at Bradford (Eng.), a man was indicted for stealing a bicycle. His friends had instructed counsel to defend him, but when called upon the prisoner pleaded guilty. The lawyer explained to the court that at the last moment the case had been placed in his hands and asked his lordship to allow a plea of not guilty to be substituted. The judge assented, and the case was tried. When the evidence was all in, prisoner's counsel made a powerful speech on his behalf, and in the end the jury acquitted the prisoner. Baron Pollock addressing the prisoner, said: "By your own confession you are a thief; by the verdict of the jury you are a liar. You are discharged."

In the Exeter days of Dr. Temple, when he was suspected of heterodoxy, a young curate came to him one day, and said: "My lord, it is rumored that you are not able to believe in special interpositions of Providence on behalf of certain persons." "Well?" grunted the bishop. "Well, my lord, here is the case of my aunt. My aunt journeys to Exeter every Wednesday by the same train and in the same compartment of the same carriage invariably. Last Wednesday she felt a disinclination to go, and that very day an accident occurred by which the carriage of the train was smashed to pieces. Now, was not that a direct interposition of Providence on behalf of my aunt?" "Can't say," growled the bishop; "don't know your aunt."

"Incog," in *Pick-Me-Up*, relates the following:

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I was discussing the other day with a Parisian friend, who has been over here on a necessary but, to him, all too long visit, the respective advantages and disadvantages of England and France as places of residence. While admitting superiority in some points to France, I naturally found plenty to say for my own country. "For instance," I said, "there is the matter of railways; you must surely grant that our railways are better than yours. Look here, you came by Newhaven, didn't you? Well, there is not much the matter with the service between Newhaven and Victoria." My friend's face lit up at once. "Oh, yes, your railways," he said enthusiastically, "are certainly excellent. They take you out of the country as quickly as possible."

Archbishop Magee was once present at a full-dress debate on the eastward position, when doubts were expressed as to the exact meaning of the words "before the table." After a speech or two, Dr. Magee seized a piece of paper and wrote: "As to the phrase, 'The pipe that played before Moses,' doubts have arisen. Some believe its meaning to be that the pipe played before Moses—that is, at a period anterior to his birth. Others hold that the pipe played before Moses in the sense of preceding the great law-giver when he danced; while others teach that the pipe played (coram Mos) before, or in the presence of Moses, when the son of Amram dined. All these are wrong. The phrase is to be understood as implying that the pipe played at the north end of Moses, looking south." The document was handed up to Archbishop Tait, who looked grave.

A Chicago journalist notes a curious parallel between one of Dr. Holmes' aphorisms and a remark of John L. Sullivan at a banquet given in his honor in that city. The autocrat, in illustrating how a great misfortune puts us in an hour or a moment an impression as sharp as if it had taken a lifetime to engrave it, tells how the machine at the mint lays its finger upon a bit of metal: "It is a coin now and will remember that touch and tell a new race about it when the date upon it is crusted over with twenty centuries." Mr. Sullivan, now an actor, but then a pugilist of considerable prominence, was describing an encounter in the far West with a local heavy-weight who had undertaken to win the standing prize for any man who could stand before the Boston artist for four rounds. "I played with him awhile," said Mr. Sullivan, "to please de crowd, an' let him pound me in de neck till he got tired. Den I hit 'im just once. He tinkt 'im hittin' 'im yet."

A Washington man, who suspected a colored man in his employ of tampering with his private stock of whisky, allowed the demijohn to become empty, and instead of filling it again, put the liquor in bottles in a cupboard and labeled them "poison." One night, as he came home from the theater, he caught the colored servant in the act. Seizing the bottle in mock terror, the employer exclaimed: "Great heavens! Do you know what you are doing? Don't you see that what that bottle contains is marked poison?" The colored man held it off and looked at it. Then he smelled it, and with a look of melancholy, replied: "Tain't poison, sah. I's done been fooled ag'in." "How dare you tamper with it, whether you knew it was poison or not?" "Boss, it was dis-away. Fum de way yoh acted 'bout dat demijohn in de cellar I done thought yoh had yoh s'pions ob me, an' it made me melancholy, foh sho'. I's been tryin' foh mos' two weeks now ter commit suicide out'n dat bottle!"

Between You and Me.

"HOW beautiful it is to work—I formerly labored," writes Eleanor Kirk Ames to me this week. No wonder she is a lovely woman, young in spite of the silvery hair which frames her sweet, happy face. It is a translation into results of the promise implied long ago (when the remark fell from the wisest lips that ever formed a sentence that His yoke was easy and His burden light), this remark of Eleanor Kirk Ames, which slants like a golden sunbeam through her letter; a morning sunbeam, always the promise of a sweet, full day. I seem to hear the big journalist down where she lives call her his "silver lady," and descendant on the secret of perpetual youth in association with the woman who formerly labored, but now finds work beautiful. There is a grand magic to be worked in this connection in every one of us. Some labor always; some labor and between-whiles work. The curse of the Bible story was labor—not work. The story which repeats itself in minutest particulars in the life of every one who walks Toronto streets to-day, has its curse of labor, and blindly many of us carry the heavy burden, when we might prance joyfully along with the light one! Aren't we fools?

Mrs. Ames ought to come here and preach one sermon; she would make some of our parsons sit up! In her little book, *The Bottom Plank of Mental Healing*, she knocks gently aside many a cherished bogie and adored tradition. For instance, she says, in a paragraph which I dare not take space to quote entire, "The man of Calvary who came to teach us how to live and love and heal and bless, and who died, not as a sacrifice for our sins or to appease the wrath of an angry God, but to prove to the whole human race, for ever and ever, the fact of life beyond the grave." That may be unorthodox, but it seems to me extremely sensible. Man-kind has been distracted and bothered and lacerated enough, by the orthodox uplifting of the Great Example, and while gratitude from the masses may have resulted, I have remarked that the emotion was evanescent and the results unsatisfactory. But here is a perfectly sensible, strengthening and inspiring notion. Knowledge and encouragement are all the ordinary man and woman need in a hard task, even that hardest one of all, the task of self-culture, self-discipline. I am afraid I've become a bit preachy, which isn't fair of me, but it's the fault of that silver lady who formerly labored and now joyfully works.

The other night I was at a meeting where we were allowed to ask questions of the person

who presided. A very old Scotchman got up and enquired whether the gentleman presiding believed in God. He asked that question in an offensive tone, and with a sort of scandalized protest that was sad and very funny at once. Being gently assured that the Deity was at the helm, the old gentleman proceeded to lay down cast-iron rules for believing on Him. He gave us in rolling periods the dear old Westminster Catechism, and many of us went back to pinafore days and considered "the whole duty of man." The old gentleman kept the floor for a good while, in an aggressive and slightly intolerant way, and when the meeting turned restive under his sonorous Scottish periods he flounced out and banged the door extremely hard, and for the hundredth time I wondered what particular species of "glorification" he thought he was at.

Do you know that the strongest things about most of us are our illusions and our traditions? The illusions we achieve our-elves; the traditions we're born to. The traditions, for instance, that came through gentle birth are often props in our most wavering moments; the little motto, *noblesse oblige*, has averted many a blow, postponed many a catastrophe, nay, even prevented many a crime. To be well born in the conventional sense is to carry on one's heart traditions of courage, of honor, of purity, of loyalty, which are four strong bulwarks; good, if one has not sense enough to discover better ones. To think of women as creations a cut above male humanity, worthy of reverence, creatures living in a purer atmosphere, with whiter souls and sweeter natures, is an illusion only held by the very highest specimen of a man; the thing that believes in no woman's purity, because he has done his best to destroy it, is the lowest type of creature, lower than the animals, and he has not a tattered rag of an illusion left. If one carefully subtracted all the illusions and the traditions from the religions of the world, we should have millions of people who now subscribe to the missionary fund, howling in the dark for want of a God! If men had no illusions, marriage would soon be out of fashion; likewise, if women had no traditions, we should have a bigger census of old maids to vote for civic reform. Let us therefore sit snug and hold on to our illusions and traditions.

I wonder whether a story told me about Talmage by a very naughty little girl the other day, has become a chestnut. Naturally, one hopes that a story which is new to oneself may not have been dodging in one's vicinity for years. Talmage loves effect. I know that, for I've heard him talking for it. One day he was to preach on the Descent of the Spirit, and he arranged with his faithful Pat to loose a tame dove from the organ loft when the text was given out. Talmage duly gave it out—no dove; he again solemnly repeated the sentence—again the dove was late; in raised accents he for the third time went over the ground; then from the organ loft came an anxious enquiry, "Misther Talmage, sor, the cat has e't the dove. Would I crow over the cat?" When I had sat through a broiling afternoon and listened to one of Mr. Talmage's lectures last summer, I was quite capable of verifying that story, only, you see, I didn't know it. But I may see him later!

Having one's picture taken in the olden days was quite another thing from the experience nowadays. You used to bark your shins over plaster columns, and scratch your hands on wired artificial posies, and have a great cold iron thing grab you behind the ears, for hours and hours it seemed, till it was no wonder you looked the way you did! Now the studio has its pretty art-room, where you wait and toast your toes at a sparkling, twinkling gas grate, and there is a *friseur* to dress your hair and a maid to help you to array yourself artistically, and when you are ready the artist—one never says photographer, it's vulgar—studies your face and make up you talk. If you laugh, he marks every dimple with his artist eye; if you look best thoughtful, he talks seriously to you. All the while, you never suspecting him, he is "doing" you in every imaginary way. Then, when he knows your strong and weak facial points, he sits down before you, with paint brush and powder puff, and does some crayon sketching on your face, and touches up powder-high-lights on your hair, and you mustn't say a word against it. He knows; he's an artist. Even when he scrapes your lower eyelid with Indian ink, and puts you a deep and killing dimple, with the camel's-hair brush dipped in stove-polish, you must resign yourself. You are not being consulted. It's all very wonderful, and you go off to a tea with your stove-polish dimple, and are whispered to about your adornments by a woman you don't like, and you nearly die, upstairs, trying to get off the stove-polish and the Indian ink. But that isn't the worst of it. The worst is when the photos come home and your dearest and best critics shout, "Oh! To heaven and back!" in derision of your lackadaisical presentment. And you rage within yourself, but what can you do? It is one of life's little comic tragedies, this fad of being photographed as above.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least 10 lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

LESLIE B.—No, I don't think it is a sin to bet. It is all a matter of circumstances. Please don't be a prig. Your brother has possibly forgotten more than you ever knew. Your writing is quite unformed.

NOVELAS NOVELTY.—I cannot study pencil writing. Your calm request that in case I don't I should use your first letter as a study, is lovely. Where is it by this time! Ask the winds, or the waste paper basket. Did you really suppose I preserved it? Dear thing!

EXCELSIOR.—A dashing and rather strong study, with individuality, self-reliance and caution almost abnormal in such connection. The mind is bright and intuition rather quick. Views large and

generous, affections strong, but hope and buoyancy wanting. Do not give way to pessimism. You are able to adapt yourself to adverse circumstances and in social changes should be imperturbable.

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.—This is a pleasant, humorous and adaptable person; practical, affectionate, and fond of an easy time. Good sound reason and common sense, extreme discretion amounting to caution, some little ambition, sympathy and love of the beautiful. This should be a person easy to get on with and likely to have artistic tastes. The temperament is buoyant and the method neat and painstaking.

JACK'S JENNIE.—1. Send out your invitations at least two weeks before the ceremony. 2. Your writing shows delicacy, refinement and a touch of mischief. You are honest and truthful, fond of beauty, perhaps an artist, or something which cultivates your taste. Affection strong and constancy good. There is some suggestion of pleasant comfort and homeliness about you, Jennie. I think Jack's a lucky fellow.

KITTIE CLIVE.—Please don't ask me to do anything of the sort. In the first place, it would be impertinent. The matter is not one suited for public discussion, and I have too much respect for the parties to even discuss it in private. In the second place, my wily Kittie, I know your writing, and therefore divine your motive, but I give you my word that I shall never mention your request as long as you keep mum in the matter. Now, drop it, like a dear.

DAFFODIL.—1. Tapioca is the root of the cassava tree of southern latitudes, which is ground and granulated by being heated on metal plates and stirred. Arrowroot and other starchy products are from the same tree. 2. Your writing shows a refined and sensitive nature, impressionable and of considerable imagination. You are not what you will be later on; with your bright perceptions and pleasant disposition you should be popular and beloved. Very womanly.

MABEL.—1. You will find the address of musicians for dances in our advertising columns. D'Aleandro's Orchestra is the same you heard in Niagara. I am not surprised you liked it. Write to him and ask him to call at your house at a certain hour. 2. Your study is very stiff and formal. You need confidence and breadth; you are high-strung and sensitive, undecided in action and apt to try to throw responsibilities on others. You are not aware of your own strength, which is superb. Take this thought with you always: "I can if I will!"

SEMPER FIDELIS.—I am glad you think I could not have told your niece's character better if I had known her all my life, because I thoroughly believe in graphology. 2. Your own study is remarkable for constancy and a certain facility. You have quite strong imagination, some caution, almost mistrust, are not one to lay bare your feelings; honesty and some humor are shown, but your nature is not buoyant; an erratic impulse makes you often in doubt whether to like or dislike a person. There is some interesting stuff in you, or I am mistaken.

PERSIAN CAT.—I am very glad the baths have suited you. By the way, I was there once when you were, though I'd no idea who it was who was beside me. Why didn't you speak? Be sure and do so next time. I can give you the address of the hairdresser; will send it on a postal to-day. As to the silk, I have enquired and it will dye perfectly a deep green. Send it to Smith's, King-street west. I so seldom get letters with such enquiries that yours is quite a rest. You need not respond over your writing. It is excellent, but tells me plainly of your ill-health. That will pass away.

DRUSELLY BEG.—Extremely active imagination, one of planning, and an enterprising and independent mind, sometimes in need of control, are shown. Writer would be apt to tell almost all she knows, and to make it very interesting in the telling. Great talent and a very loose and careless use of material are shown. There is any amount of energy and force, but not any harshness. Writer should be of some importance in whatever circle her life is set. Life has for her hard lessons, to give up her own will, to restrain her impulses, and not to wrongly direct her aims.

ARTHUR OGILVIE.—1. As you are a complete stranger here, I think it would be impossible. Your frankness charms me. I am going to emulate it; please take it the right way. The calling which you follow (and which is nothing to be ashamed of, I am sure) would bar you from intimacy with the people you mention. That is as sure as shooting. 2. Your writing shows marked talent, quick perception, ambition, amiability and a certainty of aim which is compelling. You love beauty and have refined and cultured taste. You like luxury, ease and nice surroundings, and are a bit impressionable. What you need is self-restraint, higher ideals and less regard for material things. A man's a man without them sometimes, though people like you sometimes are prone to forget it.

Mrs. Henry Peck (whose mother has been visiting them for over four months): "I don't know what to buy mother for a Christmas present. Do you?" Mr. Henry Peck: "Yes! Buy her a 'travelling-bag'!"



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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE

In one of his wonderful sermons very truthfully said, "My brother, your trouble is not with the heart; it is a gastric disorder or a rebellious liver. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile that not only yellows your eyeballs and furs your tongue and makes your head ache but swoops upon your soul in dejection and forebodings."—and

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There is to be a large water-color exhibition in Montreal in January in which the modern Dutch school will largely predominate.

Mr. Rex Stovel has completed his church decoration in Hamilton and has returned to his studio, Yonge street Arcade.

Mr. G. A. Reid showed a study for his Modern Madonna in the Academy exhibition in New York, which closed on December 10. Mrs. Reid's panel of Pink Roses at the same exhibition was sold.

A sumptuous volume has just been published devoted to Meissonier, His Life and His Art, by Vallery C. O. Gerdard. A large and valuable part of the book is made up of extracts from the artist's note-book. In one place Meissonier comments on his own work, and writes: "When I am painting a hand I am never satisfied until it is flesh and blood. I work on furiously until I can feel it under my brush."

Mr. J. L. Graham of Montreal is now in London, England, having been sent over by some funds of the Art Association so that he may benefit by study and experience abroad. He will probably remain two years. Those who have followed his career, or who remember his recent work, the horses, for instance, in his picture in last Academy exhibition, which were splendidly drawn and modeled, will be pleased to learn this.

Miss K. Junor has in her studio, Forum building, a number of very interesting specimens of work in the various shades of blue with which she has experimented considerably, and among the most pleasing and successful is the Holland Delft Blue. Her work in miniature shows a most careful touch. Heads of Columbus, Wolfe and other persons in history executed in blues and gray-blues on a set of plates, are excellent specimens of her work that have been much admired.

The sale of the Turner pictures last week was a most important one and was, as it deserved to be, well attended. The fifty-one pictures on the catalogue realized the sum of \$1,414. Springtime, by E. S. Calvert, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1886, was passed, no offer being made for it. Two Ernest Partons were for \$40 and \$60 respectively; a Harlow White for \$40; Inglis Falls, by L. R. O'Brien, for \$80; Waterfall, by C. S. Millard, for \$50; a small Sec:ish landscape by E. S. Calvert, for \$80. Amongst the fortunate ones who secured a bargain were: Mr. Cowan of Oshawa, Mr. A. J. Somerville, Mr. Henry Barber, Mr. Galloway, Mr. Todhunter, Mr. Pellatt, Mr. Jennings, Mr. Hodgins, Mr. Lee, Mr. Brown, Mr. McKay, Mr. Gunn and Mr. Carriek. The sale on the whole was a decided success.

To-day being the first Saturday in the month is Studio Day, the second of the season. The following are the artists receiving: Mr. L. R. O'Brien, 20 College avenue; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid, Yonge street Arcade; Mr. W. A. Sherwood, Yonge street Arcade; Mr. McGillivray Knowles, 144 Yonge street; Miss G. E. Spurr, 9 Toronto street; Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy, Union Loan Building, Toronto street; Mr. C. M. Manly, cor. Church and Adelaide streets;

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Mr. Bell-Smith, Jarvis street; Miss M. McConnell, Pythian Hall, Victoria street; Mr. O. P. Staples, 7 Maitland place; Mr. B. E. Boulbee, 35 Crescent road, Rosedale; Mr. J. W. L. Forster, Manning Arcade; Mr. Dickson Patterson, Elmsley place; Mr. E. Wyly Grier, Imperial Bank, Wellington street; Mrs. Dignam, 275 St. George street; Woman's Art Association, Permanent Exhibition, 89 Canada Life Building.

The Art Amateur describes at some length the mural decorations of the new Manhattan Hotel in New York, by Messrs. C. T. Turner and J. Wells Champney, from which we quote a few sentences. Mr. Turner's painting runs along all one side of the hall (the "conversation-room") which is paneled in white and gray marbles, and has a coppers ceiling decorated in grays and silver and supported by large columns of variegated marbles. The very light and neutral tone thus produced harmonizes remarkably well with Mr. Turner's delicate scheme of color in which pale, dull pinks, greens, and blues predominate. The subject of his composition is an allegory of the history of New York. . . . In the dining-room and in the ladies' waiting-room on the first floor is a series of very attractive decorations in pastels, by Mr. J. Wells Champney. Each being framed in an oval behind glass and the frame firmly fastened to the wall, there is no possibility of injury from jarring or otherwise. Mr. Champney has evidently been inspired by the decorative work of the end of the last century in France; in fact, his work in the dining-room consists of direct copies from masterpieces of that period in the Louvre and other galleries. This is the only occasion we can remember of mural decorations in that medium.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

The Only Game.

The seriousness with which the game of golf is treated by Scotchmen is well set forth in *The Badminton*. Mr. Wilkinson had been living with great contentment in his villa when, one day, Mr. McGourouk, a new tenant in a neighboring house, looked over the fence and passed the time of day. "Ye'll have a club here, of course?" said he. "Oh, rather!" replied Wilkinson, "no end of clubs. We've a capital tennis club, and a croquet club, and a river club, and a bicycle club, and . . ."

But the gray eye of Peter McGourouk, which should have been blazing with enthusiastic interest, was pale with strong contempt. "But how about *The Club*?" he asked. "Club? Why, well, we've all those clubs. What more?"

"I was not asking about these treevial things. Where's your golf club?"

"Oh—why—we haven't—er—exactly any golf club—that is, not just yet! Is it a good sort of game?" asked poor Wilkinson.

McGourouk looked him over very slowly. Then repeating very slowly, "Es—et—a—good—sort—of—game?" he turned away, and disappeared into his drawing-room.

For days after that, Wilkinson, while watering his plants, would cast furtive glances at McGourouk, tapping a little white ball into a hole on the lawn, and at times he could perceive, with the tail of his eye, McGourouk

looking him over. Also he could hear the muttered words, "Es—et—a—good—sort—of—game?"

At length Wilkinson made a heroic effort to put matters on a less painful footing. He looked over the fence, and said cheerfully, yet conscious of a dreadful nervousness within:

"If it—er—when you could spare ten minutes—I should take it as a favor if you would teach me to play golf."

"Ten minutes, ye say?"

"Well, well, of course I don't mean to say I could learn it in ten minutes! Ha! ha! Ridiculous, of course! But if you'd kindly teach me the stroke—"

"Sirr, a man cannot be taught golf!"

"Well, of course I don't mean to say—that is—but a fellow might try to learn!"

"Golf, Mr. Wilkinson, is not a thing a man can learn."

"Well, but hang it all! how do people ever play? People do play golf, don't they?"

"Play? And what might ye mean by play?"

"Well! well! Don't you see people knocking little white balls over obstacles with a thing like that you're using?"

"Ah," replied McGourouk bitterly, "ye see people do that, and many's the number of 'em; but if ye talk of playing! Sirr, ef a man begins golf when he's put into short clothes, and devotes his life to it, and if it's granted to that man, at the close of a long life, to arrive at the knowledge that he knows nothing of golf, that man can die a happy man. He will not have lived in vain. Ay, it es a game; it's just a grand game. It's just the only game!"

Ponderous Speech.

Youth's Companion.

Dr. Martin Joseph Routh, who was president of Magdalen College, Oxford, and died in 1854 in his hundredth year, had Dr. Johnson's habit of speech.

"How are you, sir?" Goldwin Smith asked of him one day.

"I am suffering, sir," he replied, "from a catarrhal cold, which, however, sir, I take to be a kind provision of nature to relieve the peccant humors of the system."

A few years before his death his butler became insane, and had to be sent away. When he was leaving he begged to see the president once more "to ask his blessing." The president received him in the garden, where the man, stooping as if to kiss his hand, bit a piece out of it.

"How did you feel, Mr. President," asked someone, "when the man bit your hand?"

"Why, at first, sir," said the president, "I felt considerably alarmed, for I was unaware, sir, what proportion of human virus might have been communicated by the bite. But in the interval of reaching the house I was convinced that the proportion of virus must have been very small indeed. Then I was at rest; but, sir, I had the bite cauterized."

Dr. Routh believed fully in the ceremonials and conventions of life, and he never appeared on any occasion without his canonicals. Some ill-disposed undergraduates determined to break through this habit, and going under his window at midnight, they shouted, "Fire!"

The president appeared immediately in a terrible state of alarm, but he wore his full canonicals.

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"So you are going to marry your employer's daughter?" "Betherlife. The old man has worked me eight hours a day for the past ten years, and now I'm going to work him twenty-four hours a day for the next twenty years to get even.—*Life.*



Mme. Albani and her company drew a brilliant and fairly large audience to the Grand Opera House last Monday evening on the occasion of their first appearance here this season. An interesting programme was provided, consisting of some miscellaneous selections, followed by the greater part of the third and fifth acts from Faust, the latter being given with appropriate costumes and scenery but without orchestral accompaniment. The assisting artists were: Miss Beverly Robinson, soprano; Mr. Braxton Smith, tenor; Mr. Lempiere Pringle, bass; Miss Beatrice Langley, violinist, and Sig. Seppilli, pianist. Miss Langley proved herself an able violinist, performing her numbers with much accuracy and in a free and brilliant style. Her selections were also well chosen, the most important ones being a part of Grieg's duo sonata, op. 8, and Bach's air for the G string, the latter given as an encore. Unfortunately the enjoyment of the sonata, which opened the programme, was much interfered with by the noise of conversation and the late arrival of some of the audience. Mr. Smith, in an interesting aria by Handel, proved himself the possessor of a very smooth voice, but his tame acting in the role of Faust prevented him from winning much favor. In spite of a slight cold, Mr. Pringle gave Vulcan's Song from Philémon et Baucis in good style, and also made a most acceptable Mephistopheles. Miss Robinson was at her best and was warmly received. As Martha she not only displayed her voice to much advantage, but also gave evidence of such histrionic ability as deserves special praise. Mme. Albani's voice seemed to be in better condition than it was last season. It is still something more than a mere historical relic, though it no longer gives much pleasure to cultivated ears. Only in soft passages is the quality very good, while the upper notes are emitted with considerable effort, besides being frequently out of tune. But Albani herself seems as youthful as ever, and in the part of Marguerite she threw off a score or more of years with evident enjoyment. Sig. Seppilli played the piano part of the Grieg sonata with good taste, and in the scenes from Faust, did what he could to fill the place of an orchestra.

The very "free" accompaniments of some of our organists which appear "perfectly stunning" to the average musical layman are not always so highly esteemed by the more cultured. Several funny little anecdotes which I take from an English exchange will illustrate the point: "My old friend, Dr. Lambeth Lamb, (who is as you all know an organist of free accompaniment tendencies), was once performing a most brilliant postlude after Service, in which some rapid chromatic scales on the Choir Piccolo formed a not unimportant feature. 'Do you know this piece?' said he to a friend who was with him in the organ loft. 'No, I don't,' was the reply; but a sharp little choir boy who was present instantly remarked, 'I know that piece, sir; you was a-practising it to-night all the time we was singing of the Psalms!' On another occasion 'quite an eminent organist' (as we call the breed in this part of the country) visited Dumplington during his holidays, and having gained admission to my organ loft by the production of his card (bearing something less than an entire alphabet of letters after his name), he persuaded my deputy (against all rules) to let him play the Service. He performed all the hankey-pankey tricks of the so-called Gregorian school, including thunder and lightning effects, picturesque realization of the wild asses quenching their thirst—to say nothing about making the Swell Reeds buzz around him 'like bees,' and causing the bottom octave of the Choir Clarinet to 'grin like a dog,' and so on—you know their little tricks as Gregorian festivals. The Dean was furious, and sent up his card by the vergier to enquire if my deputy had taken leave of his senses, and all the lay vicars were prepared to strike. Yet I know, as a fact, that the 'eminent organist' who performed on that occasion is regarded in certain London circles as an inspired genius in the art of accompanying the Psalms. I wonder if it was the same man concerning whom the vergier at a certain church remarked admiringly, 'You can see the sound regular force open them shutters at the top!' These 'eminent organists' are a great nuisance to some of us steady-going provincial people."

Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, the phenomenal pianist, who is to appear at the Mendelssohn Choir concert on January 28, arrived in New York last week on the Lahn, from England. She makes her first appearance in America this season at the concert to be given this evening by the Symphony Society of New York at Carnegie Hall, substituting for Rosenthal and playing the same numbers he would have played had he been able to appear. Subsequently she appears in Boston with the Symphony Orchestra, and in Chicago with the Thomas Orchestra, again substituting for that pianistic giant, Rosenthal. Aus der Ohe is one of the most popular artists who have ever visited Toronto. Her reappearance here with the Mendelssohn Choir is already creating immense interest in local musical circles. Besides this splendid player, Mlle. Verlet, the brilliant young French soprano, will appear. This artist continues to awaken the greatest enthusiasm wherever she sings, the freshness, flexibility and beauty of her voice, combined with a most charming personality, instantly rendering her a prime favorite. A subscribers' list is open at Messrs. Nordheimer's, 15 King street east, and as subscribers have first choice of seats, and an unusually large number of names have already

been received, it is strongly advised that all who purpose being present on the above occasion will do well to subscribe in advance and thus secure a choice of seats.

Some experiments which have been made with Moritz Rosenthal at the Psychological Laboratory of Columbia University, have brought out results which are proving of great interest to scientists and musicians all over the country. The secret of Rosenthal's remarkable rapidity of execution has particularly been sought after, and the scientific explanations which are advanced, by specialists, of his phenomenal technique make most entertaining and instructive reading. Rosenthal has repeatedly declared that the seat of his technique was the brain, and that he was not a muscular musician. The experiments confirmed this idea. Joseffy, who was Rosenthal's master, has always been classed in the same way. Rosenthal looks on his hands as simply the machinery of his technique, and is one of the few great pianists who claim that they do not play with their muscles. "I never think of my hands," he said. "They are simply the servants of my brain when I play."

The officers of the Male Chorus Club are sparing no efforts to make the coming concert of that organization on February 11 next the greatest success in the history of the Club. I am informed that the chorus is this season not only numerically stronger than it has yet been, but that the quality of the voices of which the Club is composed is of a very superior character. The repertoire chosen for study this season is also stated to be particularly interesting. In the choice of assisting artists, the committee have, as has already been mentioned in this column, chosen two of the most prominent soloists obtainable on this continent this year. With Bispham, the brilliant baritone, who continues to win new triumphs wherever he appears, and Gregorowitch, the famous Russian violinist, taking part in the programme, the concert promises to be an event of great importance in our local musical season. A list for subscribers is now at Nordheimer's.

Victor Herbert's new comic opera, The Wizard of the Nile, which is to be heard in Toronto at an early date, is creating no small sensation in Germany and Austria since its translation into German and its presentation on several of the leading German stages. W. Von Sachs, formerly musical critic of the New York Commercial Advertiser, in writing to the New York Sun from Vienna says: "The only hit that has been made this season in this field was by a clever version of Messrs. Smith and Herbert's Wizard of the Nile. It is a new experience for Vienna to go to America for a work of this kind, but judging by the success that has attended the present venture it does not look as if it would be the last."

Mr. R. J. Hall, formerly of Toronto, writes me from Little Rock, Ark., an account of the good work in which he is engaged in that city. He is having the most successful season he has as yet experienced, and writes enthusiastically of the appreciation which is being shown his efforts. His duties combine the position of superintendent of music in the public schools, organist and choirmaster of Christ Episcopal church, solo tenor, Temple B'nai Israel, conductor of the local regimental band, besides teacher of instrumental and vocal music. A recent production of the Chimes of Normandy, under Mr. Hall's direction, received most complimentary notices at the hands of Little Rock musical critics.

A certain American critic does not evidently feel much sympathy for compositions which prove tiresome at first hearing but which interested parties are ready to promise will improve, like wine, with age. One of these scribbles has the following to say about a chorus recently sung by a New York society: "But the composition by Charles H. Lloyd I found tiresome in the extreme, long spun out, what the German folk call 'gemacht' (manufactured). Certainly it may 'grow on one' as one of the singers suggested; but then corns, warts and other things undesirable 'grow on one'!"

New Music.—In Golden September (Impromptu Romanticque), for piano, by W. O. Forsyth. In this composition, which is one of the most effective of the composer's many musicianly works, Mr. Forsyth combines with a striking melodic conception an ingenious harmonic treatment, the whole being developed in a manner which is throughout thoroughly pianistic (*Klaviermässig*). The composition, which is of medium difficulty, is dedicated to Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, the famous pianiste, one of the most successful performers of the present day. The publishers are Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co.

Miss Kennedy, one of Mrs. Bradley's most talented pupils, sang with excellent effect at a recent vespers service given by the choir of Our Lady of Lourdes, when Mercadante's Vespers were rendered. The *Catholic Register*, in referring to the excellence of the chorus work, under Miss Sullivan's direction, and the solo singing of Miss Kennedy, says: "Miss Kennedy sang in a most touching manner. Miss Kennedy possesses a voice of wonderful flexibility and pronounced sweetness. Judging from the present, great results are expected."

Christmas music at a number of our leading churches was, this season, particularly effective and elaborate. As usual, selections from that grand old work, The Messiah, predominated with the majority of our most efficient choirs. In many instances the programmes of music rendered and the manner in which they were interpreted served as an indication of the gradual improvement noticeable of recent years in church music in Toronto.

Mlle. Verlet, the charming young French vocalist who sings with the Mendelssohn Choir at their approaching concert, spent a few days recently in Buffalo as a visitor, and whilst there, says the *Musical Courier*, was besieged by aspiring local singers "desirous of getting points" from the brilliant singer whose phenomenal success at the first Symphony Orchestra concert given in that city this season has already been recorded in these columns.

Herr Heinrich Klingensfeld's amateur or-

chestra is preparing for a public concert to be given at an early date. This orchestra has been making marked progress during the season's rehearsals, and from present indications the concert promises to be one of the very best of the kind yet given in Toronto. Further details as to the date of concert, with names of assisting artists, will be given in the near future.

Brantford papers speak in high terms of praise of the recent Christmas concert given at the Institute for the Blind by pupils of the institution under the direction of Mr. J. Parnell Morris. The programme consisted of piano and organ solos, several concerted instrumental selections, a number of well chosen part-songs and some recitations.

Mr. John Lund of Buffalo, the well known and genial conductor of the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra, is, according to an American exchange, responsible for the following conundrum: "Why is So-and-so—a musician who tries to direct—'like a piece of rubber? Because he is a non-conductor!'"

Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. have published Mr. Sim Samuel's Sue Kittle March, which was played several times recently from the manuscript by local theater orchestras and which received very favorable notices from various city papers. The March is now on sale at all music stores.

I am informed by a correspondent that the English Church Union of London, Eng., has made the official announcement that it no longer permits the use of its rooms to the Guild of Church Musicians, formerly Church Choir Guild.

Messrs. H. M. Field and A. S. Vogt spent a portion of the present week visiting friends in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Edward Fisher has been spending several days of his Christmas vacation with friends in Kingston.

Officer—How is this, Murphy? The sergeant complains that you call him names. Private Murphy—Plaze, surr, I never called him any names at all. All I said was, "Sergeant," says I, "some of us ought to be in a menagerie."

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Social and Personal.

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Boulton will only enjoy a short honeymoon, and Mrs. Boulton will receive on next Thursday and Friday, January 7 and 8, at 97 Bloor street west, and during the season her reception days at the same address will be every second and third Friday in the month. Mrs. Boulton's art classes will re-open on Monday week at her former studio.

Miss H. M. Hill is now at 2 Glen road, and I hear is planning a Continental trip for next June.

I have been asked to tell my readers that the *Creche*, which, as most people know, is a day nursery where working-women may leave their babies in care of kind nurses at a nominal charge during working hours, is to hold a public meeting on Tuesday, at 4 o'clock, at No. 80 Hayter street, a couple of doors from the *Creche*. Mrs. Charles Moss is president of the *Creche* board, Mrs. H. S. Mara vice-president, and Miss Sullivan secretary. That this charity, or rather helping institution, is worthy of support goes without saying, and in this advanced age, when woman's rights include the privilege of supporting herself and her family in many cases, it is hoped that Toronto will not be behind most American cities in the *Creche* matter. The worker leaves her youngster, who is bathed, fed and amused for the entire day at the charge of a dime (and fifteen cents for twins), as was merrily explained to me by one of the managers. To the sensible people of Toronto it only needs the mention of this institution to make them gladly give their interest and their contributions.

St. Margaret's church was the scene of a very pretty wedding on the evening of December 23, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Laura Maud Alexandria Dunning, daughter of the late J. P. Dunning, to Mr. Henry Charles Arnold of this city. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. Mr. Moore. The bride wore the customary veil and orange blossoms and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses; she also wore a costly gold bracelet, the gift of the groom. Miss Dunning was given away by her brother, Mr. C. W. Dunning, and was attended by Misses S. and E. McMullen, little Miss Ethel Dunning acting as maid of honor, and little Miss L. Sherley as flower girl. The groomsmen were Mr. G. Sutherland Forsyth. The happy couple were the recipients of numerous and handsome presents. After the wedding supper had been served and amid the well-wishes of the numerous guests, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold left on the 10.30 train for an extended tour of the Eastern States.

The time-worn chestnut, "Who is the belle?" was whispered at the Grenadiers' ball by a man in a beard, and another man responded, "There she is," as Mrs. Harry Wright floated past, a radiant Hebe in a white satin gown; and the man last quoted is a good critic.

I love to see father and mother have a jolly time when they have arrived at the years of proprietary chaperonage. There isn't a trio in Toronto who more thoroughly enjoy themselves at a party than Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Crease and their bewitchingly pretty little daughter. At the dance on Monday evening the whole party were evidently the happiest of the many merry folks, and many a compliment came their way.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith of 454 Sherbourne street have sent out invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Carrie, and Mr. Albert Alexander Mulholland, which takes place in Old St. Andrew's on January 12 at half-past six p.m. A reception will follow the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents in Sherbourne street.

On Wednesday afternoon a meeting of the lady members of the house committee was held at the Athletic Club to arrange for the annual ball on Friday next.

Miss Brodie of Sherbourne street, who was chaperoned by Mrs. G. B. Smith, was one of the handsomest of the many belles at the Grenadiers' dance. She wore a pink frock which was very becoming. By the way, Mrs. Smith, whose faintness alarmed several people at the ball, is quite better, and busy over the coming wedding.

The subscription dance in Confederation Life Building is nearing perfection in arrangements, and the committee are working with the energy to be expected of *la jeunesse doree*. The date is January 6.

Mrs. Jones has been entertaining friends from New York. Society will journey to Benvenuto this afternoon to enjoy an afternoon tea and wish the genial host and hostess all the New Year's happiness.

Mrs. Frank Macdonald's tea at Canaan on Wednesday next is a mid-week event which will bring together a lot of smart people.

Dr. and Mrs. L. F. Millar of 86 Brunswick avenue have left for New York for a week's visit.

Mrs. M. C. Carson and Dr. and Mrs. Buck were the guests of Mrs. J. C. Notman of Spadina avenue for the Christmas holidays. The doctor and his wife returned to their home on Saturday. Mrs. Carson is extending her visit for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers and Mr. George Carruthers leave to-morrow for the afternoon train for New York en route for Europe.

Miss Helen Macdonald, who came out at Mrs. Cattanaich's dance and attended her first public ball on Monday, leaves shortly for a visit east.

Mrs. Walter Beardmore returned home last week and is now settled at Cloynewood, Mr. Hodgins' late residence, in Dale avenue, Rosedale. Mrs. Beardmore finds it hard to realize

WANTED position as Companion or Housekeeper by strictly respectable young widow. Address, M. M., SATURDAY NIGHT Office.

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Thousands of yards of other Silks of equal value to the above.

Samples mailed on application.

BLACK SILK BARGAINS

Black Pure Silk Surah, regular 55c., our price to-day	.39
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Black Heavy Pure Silk Peau de Soie, regular \$1.25, to-day	.79
Bonnet's Black Court Silk, every yard stamped, wear guaranteed, regular \$2.00, to-day	1.00
Elegant Black Satin Duchesse, pure silk—wide—regular \$2.00, to-day	1.00
Superbly Elegant Black Satin Duchesse, pure silk, 25-inch, regular \$3, to-day	1.50

BON MARCHE 7 & 9 King St. E.
TORONTO

that she is really settled down at home again after her prolonged absence.

The Osgoode Literary and Legal dance is to be the great mid-month festivity. I am told the committee has started on the right method, and the popularity of the new president and officers is a thing to conjure with.

WARD NO. 3--1897

Your Vote and Influence are respectfully requested for the election of

A. F. Rutter

As Alderman for 1897

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As Alderman for 1897

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Mr. Punch Started It.

When the Canadian visits England one of the first sayings with which his ears are assailed is, "Now we sha'n't be long." From one end of England to the other it is in everybody's mouth, and like the artillerymen who went over and won the Queen's prize at Shoeburyness, the visitor, resist the temptation as much as he may try, is sure to "catch on" sooner or later. Never before has a saying taken such thorough hold on the people as "Now we sha'n't be long," and yet it had its origin in a very insignificant manner. About a year ago the proprietor of a Punch and Judy show pitched in the neighborhood of Epping Forest, where a school festival was taking place. There was a delay in starting the performance and the youngsters became impatient, whereupon Punch was hoisted into the proscenium and made to say, "Now we sha'n't be long." A week afterwards it was all over London; now it is all over the country, and it has apparently come to stay.

E. S. JACKSON.

Electric light attractions are finding much favor nowadays as advertising features. The latest and perhaps the most novel, as well as the most beautiful, is the "sign of the electric bicycle," shown every evening at the Massey-Harris Company's handsome salesroom, corner Yonge and Adelaide streets. One of their "Silver Ribbon" bicycles, elegantly plated, and covered with miniature electric lamps—wheels and all—is exhibited in full motion, presenting a singularly attractive and dazzling spectacle.

Broke Down at the Knees.

Chicago Times-Herald.

Theodore Roosevelt was not always the fluent orator and ready extemporaneous speaker that he is to-day, but this is not a matter of surprise, as precocity is never proof of greatness, although it has in many noted instances characterized those who afterward became great. Theodore Roosevelt was a wide-awake, hustling youth, good at his books, but better at his sports, a lover of all outdoors, and a healthy, hearty, sturdy American boy. At school he was required to write essays, deliver orations, "speak pieces," just as are all school-boys in those modern days, and his old play-mates still delight to relate how "Ted" brought the house down by his method of rendering that old stand-by, Marco Bozzaris.

Everybody knows at least the beginning of the stirring poem:

At midnight in his guarded tent
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knees in supplication bent,
Should tremble at his power.

When young Roosevelt's turn came to speak he rose with all confidence and began:

"At midnight in his guarded tent
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knees—"

Then his memory failed him and he repeated:

"Greece her knees—"

In vain; his memory stubbornly refused to work. Once more he shouted desperately:

"Greece her knees—"

The old professor looked over his spectacles and encouragingly remarked:

"Grease her knees once more, Theodore; perhaps she'll go then."

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Plugwinch—Congratulate me, dear boy! I'm engaged to the wealthy Mrs. Grabster.

Pignuffle—So glad, old man! But—er—are you sure she is really so rich?

Plugwinch—Sure! I should say so! Why, she was arrested for shoplifting and acquitted as a kleptomaniac.

A Pedlar's Experience.

Illness Brought Him Almost to the Verge of the Grave.

Pale and Emaciated, Suffering From Excruciating Pains in the Back, Life Became a Burden and Death Was Thought to be Not Far Off.

From the St. Catharines Journal.

It is a curious pathological fact that spinal complaint has sometimes actually been mistaken for Bright's disease, and there is no doubt many have been maltreated for Bright's disease when spinal trouble was the real malady. Geo. T. Smith, pedlar of St. Catharines, is one who thus suffered. His narrative is as follows:—"In the fall of 1894 I began to experience alarming symptoms of what I thought to be spinal trouble. I resorted to lotions, plasters and other remedies, but to no avail, as I continued to grow worse. At this point my friends advised the services of a physician, which I gladly submitted to. The professional man made a minute examination, and pronounced mine a case of Bright's disease, which quite naturally gave me a severe shock, as I deemed the death sentence had been passed upon me. The doctor said he could alleviate my sufferings, but remarked that it would only be a matter of time with me. However, I accepted his medicine, and took it according to directions with no beneficial results. In the meantime a friend procured a remedy said to be a cure for Bright's disease. This medicine I took, but with no effect whatever. Ten months had passed away and I had become so haggard, emaciated, stooped and miserable that my friends had difficulty in recognizing me. In fact they, like myself, harbored the most painful apprehensions. At this juncture an aunt came to visit me, and strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Like a drowning man reaching for a straw, I did so. To my great surprise I soon noticed an improvement, the pain in my back began to leave, my appetite improved, my color returned, and by the time I had used eight boxes not an ache or pain remained, and I am as able to travel about to-day as previous to the attack. I know that I owe my restoration to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I urge those ill or suffering to give them a trial.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor

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A Piano

was required for Church St. School, Toronto—the Principal and the staff of lady teachers after visiting the various city warehouses and comparing the merits of the different pianos unhesitatingly decided on The Matchless "BELL," and now the sweet harmonies of the "BELL" are listened to with delight by the hundreds in attendance at this celebrated school.

And still another!
Great triumph..!

The Rose Ave. School in Toronto also decided on the purchase of a piano—they had pianos from various makers placed side by side in honest competition in the school room—result—the matchless "BELL" was the victor and a handsome Style "S" now adorns the school room.

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and built to last a lifetime by the largest
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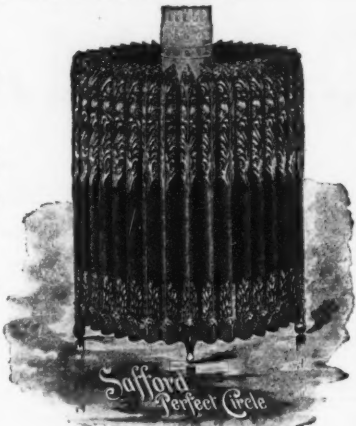
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ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail post paid, at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

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Going December 30 and 31 and January 1.

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To all stations in Canada, Windsor, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William and the East.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

McLEAN—Dec. 18, Mrs. A. J. McLean—a daughter.
HOLMES—Truro, Dec. 24, Mrs. W. H. Holmes—a daughter.
McDIARMID—Dec. 28, Mrs. A. P. McDiarmid—a daughter.

Marriages.

MACDONALD—BROWN—At Butte, Montana, on December 16, John K. Macdonald to Olive Jessie Brown.
SPOTTON—BUCHAN—Dec. 24, W. H. B. Spotton to Winifred M. Buchan.
JEFFS—TESKEY—Dec. 24, Colonel Charles F. Jeffs to Adella M. Teskey.
KAISER—LISTER—Dec. 23, Thomas Erlin Kaiser to Louise Lister.
THOMSON—KING—Dec. 25, James Thomson to Jessie A. King.
ELLIOT—GRAHAM—Dec. 16, Howard R. Elliot to Eleanor M. Graham.
MCMILLAN—JANES—Dec. 15, Charles W. McMillan to Elma E. Janes.
CAMPBELL—GALLON—Dec. 26, John R. Campbell to Gertrude Gallon.
MARSHALL—MARSHALL—Dec. 23, David Marshall to Barbara Marshall.
WIGLE—BRIGHT—Dec. 21, D. M. Wigle to Ada Bright.
ARNOLD—DUNNING—Dec. 23, Henry C. Arnold to Laura M. A. Dunning.
MCCARTNEY—DENON—Dec. 23, David H. McCartney to Honora Denon.
GRANT—SKINNER—Dec. 16, William M. Grant to Lizzie J. Skinner.
HOLLENBECK—REID—Dec. 25, Dr. John Hollenbeck to Jean Reid.

Deaths.

ALLAN—Concord, Dec. 25, John Allan, aged 59.
TREW—Lindsay, Dec. 26, Harry C. Trew, aged 21.
PILON—Dec. 25, Joseph Pilon, aged 57.
WILLIAMS—Dec. 25, Marguerite H. Williams, aged 6.
WOOD—Queens, Dec. 25, Robert Wood, aged 75.
HUGGINS—Dec. 25, Amos Huggins.
LACKEY—Dec. 24, James Lackey, aged 56.
CASSELL—Dec. 25, Richard S. Cassels, aged 74.
HUGHES—Brooklyn, Dec. 27, J. Joseph Hughes.
BROWN—Dec. —, George E. Brown, aged 43.

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SPOONER'S GERMICIDE
DISINFECTANT
PHENYLE
DEODORIZER AND ANTISEPTIC.

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ITALIAN WALNUT TABOINETTES, inlaid with Ivory, \$11.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00 each.

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